The Martlet

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Hick, Gray, Shaw get Senate

Senate elections are over for another six months as Mark Shaw, Victoria Gray and Bert Hick took the three seats up for grabs after resignations had deprived senate of one full-time , one fine arts and one part-time student representative. For details see page six inside.

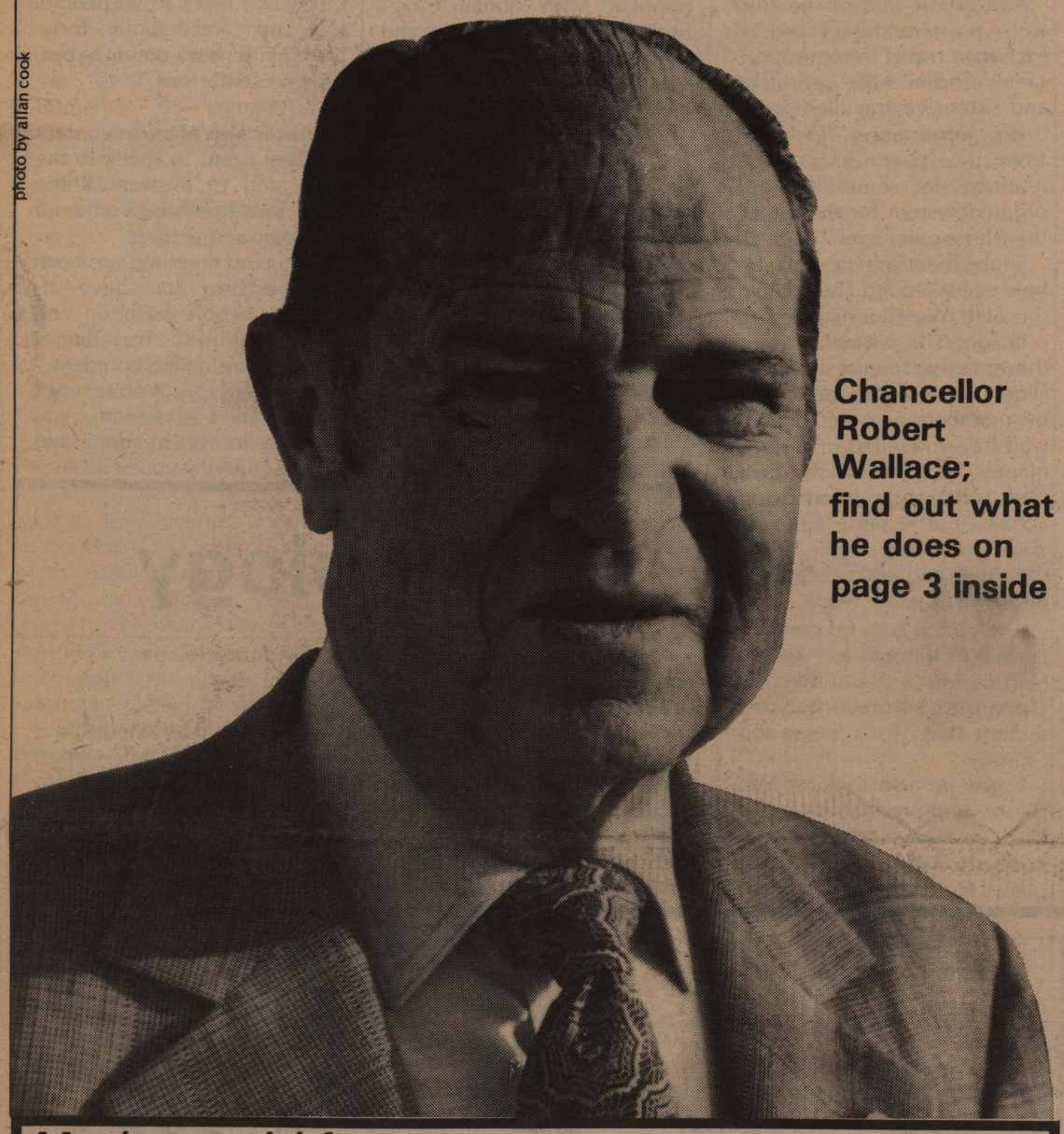


photo by allan cook

Chancellor Robert Wallace; find out what he does on page 3 inside

Maclaurin tight as sculptors press for more space

History repeats itself as students take to the halls again.

Slightly over one year ago, music students began to protest their lack of working space in the MacLaurin building. At the time, provincial approval for the proposed music wing (now under construction) seemed unlikely. Students were forced to practice in corridors, storerooms, and occasionally washrooms, due to the lack of private practice facilities.

This year it is the visual arts department that is feeling the pinch. The department is short of space in all areas, but in sculpture classes the shortage is most evident.

"It looks as if we're about to start moving our work and our equipment out into the hallways," sculpture students' spokesperson Aveliegh Neill told the **Martlet** Tuesday. She went on to say that it would both serve the practical purpose of giving them extra room and would further draw attention to their case.

"Earlier in the year, we were able to work outside. But that's pretty well unfeasible at this time of year. Even if we had a roofed area in the present courtyard, it would help us out."

Sculpture classes, like music and most other Fine Arts offerings have grown greatly in the last few years. "It's basically a problem of too many people in the same restricted space", Neill said. "The sculpture room also serves as the workshop for the entire Visual Arts department."

Senior students are hardest hit, in that their space requirements are usually much greater. The ad hoc committee, which consists of two fourth-year and four third-year sculpture students, have sent a letter to department chairman Donald Harvey requesting that action be taken, through him, on committees relating to space allotment. According to Neill, Harvey supports the students' cause.

The chairman has received other supporting letters from faculty members.

"It would be good if something could be done about our situation over Christmas" Neill says, "but we probably can't count on it."

Martlet special feature:

Martlet guide to BOG

By DONNA LIVINGSTONE, Martlet City Editor

To most UVic students, the Board of Governors (BOG) is simply another set of administrative initials like the RA, AMS, cluttering up the **Martlet** and interfering with the sports pages. Few students take the time to learn about these organizations or their impact on student life.

The fifteen men and women on the Board of Governors decide how much money is going to be spent for such things as new residences, theatres and music wings. They allocate money for student loans, decide who the next president is going to be and approve faculty and departmental recommendations from Senate. Who are these people? How are they appointed to the vital positions they have in running the university?

Eight members of the BOG are appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, as recommended by the Minister of Education. Andrew Soles, associate deputy to Dr. Pat McGeer, says that the minister has three main criteria when appointing Board members. "He is looking for people who have a genuine or proven interest in education." Secondly the Minister considers people who have achieved some eminence in their field and have some experience in management. The Board member must have good fiscal responsibility and managerial skills in running an enterprise like UVic."

The Minister, Soles said, tries to stay away from purely political appointments to the Board, he wants to know a good deal about the people and have confidence in them. Two of the goverment appointees to BOG are recommended from a list of names submitted to the Minister from the Alumni Association at UVic. Most of the names proposed are familiar to the Minister although he may propose some that he would like to consider.

Since 1975 when the University Act was rewritten, two student members are elected each to the Board from the Student Association. At the same time the Act was changed to allow a representative from the full-time non-faculty employees of the university. Two faculty members are also elected to the Board. The chancellor and president of UVic serve on the Board of Governors as ex-officio members.

The Board of Governors meets once a month in meetings open to the public. Much of the work of the Board is done by its two main committees: Operations Committee which looks after the general operation issues of the university and Finance and Physical Planning Committee which discusses finance and building issues in the expansion of the University.

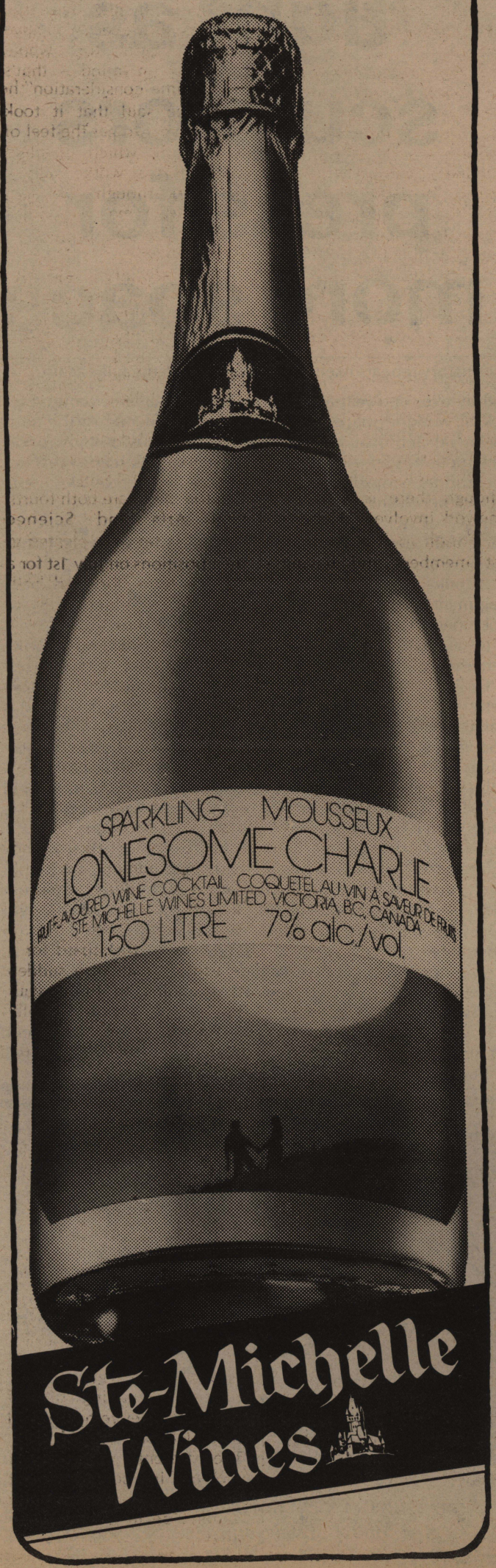
(continued on page 3)

Inside:

The strip joint as the ultimate degradation of sex

Strip joints hardly even give the cheap thrills they promise, Bernard Fong of the **Martlet** staff discovered in researching his article on the latest twistings of the new morality. In fact, he reports, politicians, pimps and advertising agencies are all in the same boat. They thrive on the cheapening of sex, and probably always will. See page 16 for more of Fong's temporizing.

Lonesome Charlie's lookin' for a friend.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NEWS

New club on campus:

Travellers tell all

Experienced travellers are getting together with people who want to travel in the UVic Travellers Club, the newest of the AMS clubs.

"The basic aim of the club is to promote travel and to exchange travel infromation," Frank Carter, club president and extensive traveller, says. "The information gathered from the meetings is to be retained in some kind of ordered system for the use of the whole university."

Club meetings are to be held every second Thursday in the SUB West lounge from 7 p.m. on. The normal form of the meeting centres around slide presentations and talks by members or other people who have travelled in various places. "It's one of the best ways of getting information across," Carter said, "Giving a slide show lets people enjoy the slides and ask questions at the same time."

The club has so far covered Europe, Indonesia, Egypt, North Africa, and Nepal. Upcoming presentations include East Africa, Japan and China.

Carter is also looking into the costs of producing a travel booklet. The booklet would compile information on places to stay, preparation for travel, appropriate clothing, currency regulations, travel and work information, and whatever else is relevant to travel. As Europe is most popular with local travel buffs, that area would be the main object of focus, but general information would be given on other countries.

"I would also like to see travel recognized as a legitimate form of education," Carter said. He wants to see the university accept travel for credit as a form of directed studies program, with the student presenting a major paper or an oral examination.

"American universities do this," he explained. "Some people stay abroad for as long as ten months, sometimes with a seminar instructor, and receive a whole year's credit."

Carter claims that interest in travel is high. "The club is just getting going now. On Clubs Day we had 90 people sign up and about forty people are now coming to our slide presentations."

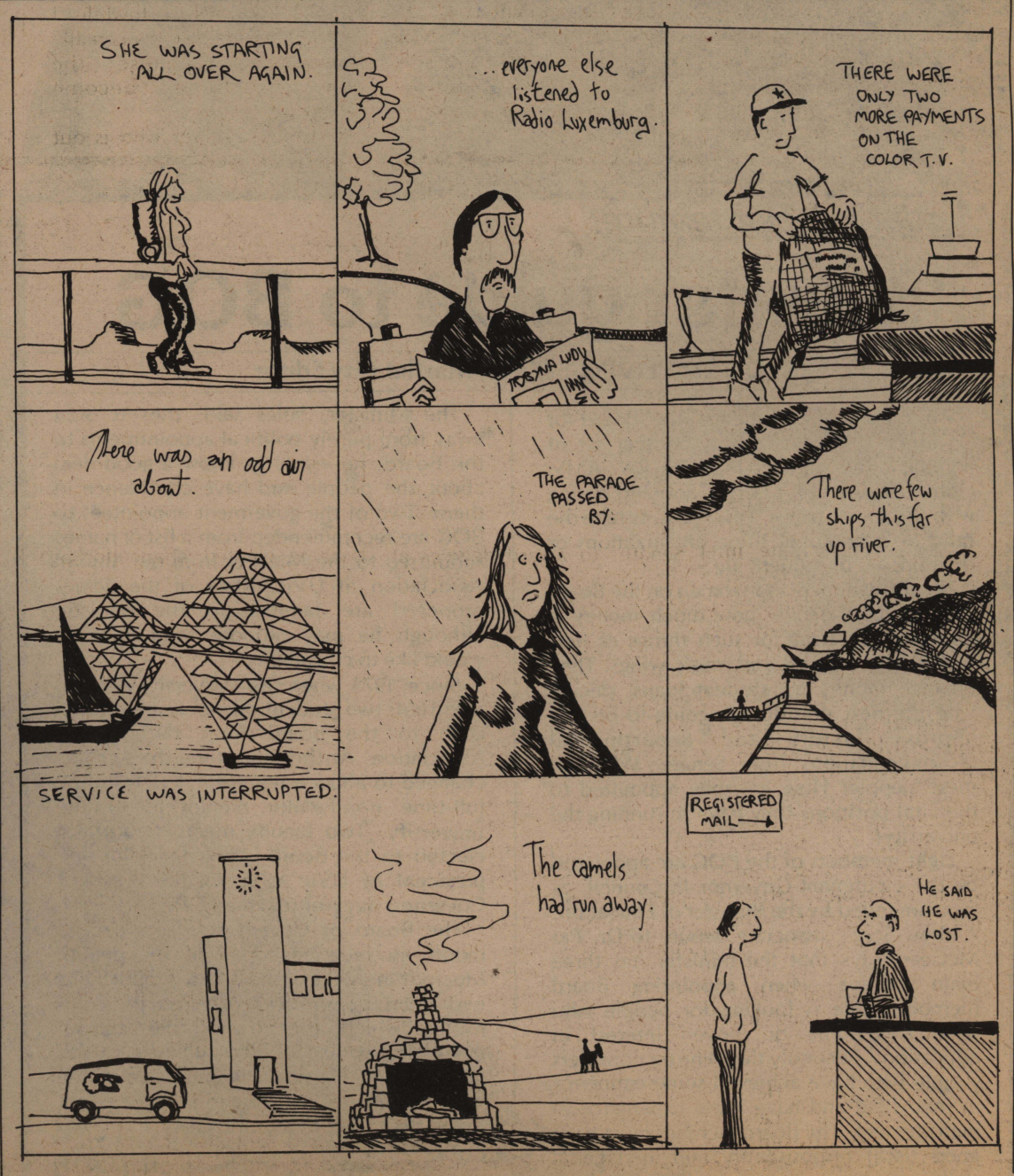
Carter also plans to contact a travel agent to speak to the club and to answer all the questions that have come out of previous meetings.

The club meetings are open to everyone and have attracted people both on and off the campus. "Travelling is a total learning environment," says Carter. "You're not stuffed in a classroom, you have a lot of freedom and you're enjoying yourself."

An Apology

The Martlet wishes to apologize to its readers and photographers for inadvertantly leaving photo credits off the last issue of the **Martlet.** We hope that in the future we do not neglect our photograpers again.

Colonist photographer Ian McKein took the page 4 photo of Han Suyin. The Page 3 photo of University House was supplied by Media and Technical Services. Brian Sprout took the rugby photo on page 7 and the photo on the **Martlet International** page was from our Liberation Nes Services files.


SHE WAS STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN.
...everyone else listened to Radio Luxemburg.
THERE WERE ONLY TWO MORE PAYMENTS ON THE COLOR T.V.
There was an odd air about.
THE PARADE PASSED BY.
There were few ships this far up river.
SERVICE WAS INTERRUPTED.
The camels had run away.
REGISTERED MAIL
HE SAID HE WAS LOST.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

...from 1

STUDENT REPS [L] SANGHA AND [R] SHOLD

Joseph Cunliffe has served as the chairman of the Board of Governors for the past four years. A consulting engineer with the Victoria firm of Willis, Cunliffe and Tait Company Ltd.. Cunliffe said he believed he was recommended to the BOG by the existing members of the Board at that time. "The Minister who makes the appointments obviously doesn't know everyone in town," he said. "The decision on appointments is sometimes made straight politically because that's who the Minister knows."

Cunliffe finds the Board of Governors takes up a considerable amount of time and says he has had to give up other activities. He was Chairman of the City of Victoria Planning Commission for a number of years and is involved with the Consulting Engineers of Canada.

Cunliffe says he feels it is good to have business people on the Board of Governors so as to provide different expertise in different areas. "Properly the board should be varied. We feel very good, we're trying to help community relations," he said.

Hugh Stephen, one-time alderman and former mayor of Victoria in 1967-69, was appointed by the minister to the Board of Governors. He is the Chairman of the Board of Brentwood College and has served extensively in community affairs in Victoria, including a term as president of the Victoria Chamber of Commerce where he worked as a proponent for the conversion of Victoria College into a university. He says the business community was active at that time in envisaging the expansion of the college and were instrumental in the forming of UVic.

"You don't have to live on campus to be associated with it," Stephen said. "We are eight people representative of taxpayers of B.C. who put up money to keep the university going."

Stephen said that BOG Chairman Joseph Cunliffe has excellent business judgement which UVic is fortunate in receiving free of charge. Stephen himself is interested in the new law department and law building. "The BOG is a very time-consuming job but I enjoy it very much."

As a former student council member at UBC, Ian Stewart says he enjoys his work on the BOG as it allows him to become active in university affairs again. A Victoria lawyer, Stewart isalso involved in community affairs, serving as trustee for the Maritime Museum of B.C. for the last ten years. He also serves on the council of Boy Scouts of Canada, and has been an alderman in Victoria, as well as a member of convocation of UVic. He is also interested in cable television and presently serves as director of Chanel 9, the educational station from Seattle and as Director of a cable company in Eastern Canada. He hopes to interest the UVic law department in the use of cable as a medium for teaching.

As Chairman of the BOG Finance committee Stewart finds that the Board takes up a lot of his time. "The Finance committee grappled with the function of the Universities Council last year as well as such issues as the Music Wing and new dormitories. It takes a lot of time."

"The Board has to be a diverse group," Stewart said, "I think we have a good Board and we have a good Chairman."

Alex Hall comes to the Board with a background in biology. As an agrologist for B.C. Hydro, Hall also serves on the Board of Governors for Regent College, affiliated with UBC. He is the Director of the Educational Research Institute of B.C. which is composed of representatives from the three major provincial universities studying educational research.

Hall says he was recommended to the Board by the Alumni Association on campus and appointed by the Minister. "Actually I'm the only member that was both elected and appointed to the Board" he said. Under the old Universities Act, Hall was elected to BOG from Senate and also appointed by the minister. Hall is a native Victorian, who attended Victoria College and has "always been interested in education."

Although he wasn't too enthusiastic about student representation on the BOG when it was first proposed, Hall says he now appreciates student input. "I think the student representatives are acquitting themselves admirably" he said.

Hall said his pet idea is a medical school for Victoria but says that it would cost about $1 billion. He would like to see the school established all at once, not on a piecemeal basis.

The only woman member of the Board of Governors, Heather Nicol, is particularly interested in continuing education and serves on the sub-committee on continuing education. "I think the university is really very much an entity unto itself" she said. "There is a lot of background information available if you do your homework. Board members are involved in decision-making and your experience, be it with the university or not, is valuable."

Nicol, like most of the other appointees, says she hasn't been directly approached by students about their problems, excempt in the matter of fee increases. "I anguished over the decision to increase fees" she said, "Philosophically I agreed with the students but when faced with the costs and expenses, I had to vote for the increase, "with some exceptions."

"I find the Board interesting and I think it's worthwhile. I think an outside view is really refreshing because the university can become ingrown."

William Gwyer who is out of town for a month, alsc serves on the Board of Governors as a government appointee. He is a retired businessman and former president of West Kootenay Power and Light Company Ltd., and former chairman of CanPac Minerals, Limited, Calgary.

Dr. H.J. Portelance has served on the Sooke School Board for the past ten years and actively involved in teaching and coaching swimming in Colwood. He served his internship at the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria and is a new member to the BOG at UVic.

Dr. Terry Huberts, a veterinary who has been practising in Victoria since 1972 says that the work on the BOG is a "really beautiful challenge." He is a goverment appointee to the Board, being introduced to the Minister by Hugh Curtis. "I like the financial and operational part of the BOG" he said, "although there is a lot of homework involved." Huberts sees himself as younger than most members and having something to offer because of his age. "I can identify with the student factor" he said.

Alf Lee says he represents "Everybody who doesn't teach or learn" at the university on the BOG. He has worked for Traffic and Security for the past ten years and syas he represents the two unions of inside clerical workers and outside workers as well as all the administration professionals. Lee says that the board members can't be parochial however. "You have to act with the whole university in mind - that's your prime consideration" he said. Lee said that it took about a year to get the feel of the Board which involves quite a bit of work. "I enjoy the work though" he said, "It's given me a greater outlook. I'm not so quick to critisize now."

BOG faculty representatives Acting Dean of Arts and Science Izzud Pal and former Faculty Association president Rod Symington were unavailble for comment.

Both student representatives on BOG see themselves as board members first and student representatives second. Mel Sangha and Clayton Shold are both fourth year Arts and Science students who were elected to their positions on July 1st for a one year term. "Granted, both Mel and I are students, but we sit on the board as board members and decide on issues from that view rather than as invididual students" Shold said.

Both Sangha and Shold said that student input should begin at the grassroots level rather than at the Board. "A lot of the firty work is done before the recommendations come to the Board," Shold said. "The administration and the president make suggestions to the BOG sommittees who send proposals to the Board for a decision." If all of a sudden you're going to throw your issue at BOG they'll naturally ask "why wasn't there any input before this?" It's pretty hard to justify an attack at the Board level without a lot of backup.

"It's important to have student representation on the Board," Sangha said, "It's the systematic way of giving student input."

Both Shold and Sangha said that students need to realize what BOG and Senate members do and that student politicains are open to support people trying to fight the system. "Students generally don't give a shit about the running of the university, they're here to get an education," Shold said, "The students who do get involved in politics do it because they care. They wouldn't be in it unless they cared."

Head tapper also BOG member

During convocation, he taps students pontifically on the head, murmuring, "admitto te - I admit you", but to most students, Dr. Robert Wallace, University of Victoria Chancellor, is largely an unknown quantity.

"The chief function of the chancellor is, on behalf of Senate, to award degrees at the convocation," Wallace said, "Senate grants the degrees and I tap the person on the head."

Dr. Wallace came to the position of Chancellor after a long association with the university. As a student and later faculty member, he followed the university as it moved from Craigdarroch Castle to Lansdowne campus (as Victoria College) and to its present location.

He taught mathematics for thirty-eight years but also served on numerous administrative positions. He was Director of the Evening Division (now Continuing Education), Dean of Administration, Acting Dean of Arts and Science, and Acting President in 1968-69. At that time he was kept busy by serving three positions concurrently: Acting President, Dean of Administration, and math professor. He also served as Vice-President from 1969-70.

Wallace retired from the university in 1971, but returned a year later after being elected chancellor by the convocation. He is presently serving his second term as chancellor and says he finds his association with the university rewarding.

"The position of chancellor doesn't take up a great deal of time," Wallace said. "Vic College and UVic have been very good to me. My associations with the students, faculty and staff have been very very rewarding and I value them highly."

UVic Vice-President George Pederson sees the role of chancellor as more than a "tapper of heads". "It's a very important position in the sense that the chancellor satifies a position in the social functions of the university. In my opinion, Dr. Wallace does just a fantastic job of community relations."

As Chancellor, Dr. Wallace is an ex-officio member of the Board of Governors and Senate and attends many of their meetings. "He's one of the relatively few people who play a variety of roles in the university structure," said Pederson.

The chancellor is elected by the convocation, which is composed of all faculty members, members of the senate, all graduates of UVic and other people who are named to the roll of convocation. The position of chancellor is an honorary one, no salary is involved, and the term is for three years.

Although his primary function as chancellor is the awarding of degrees granted by Senate, Dr. Wallace also serves as an informal ambassador in the area of community relations, a position he finds highly satisfying. "I'm very interested in what's going on around campus and consider myself fortunate to be here," he said.

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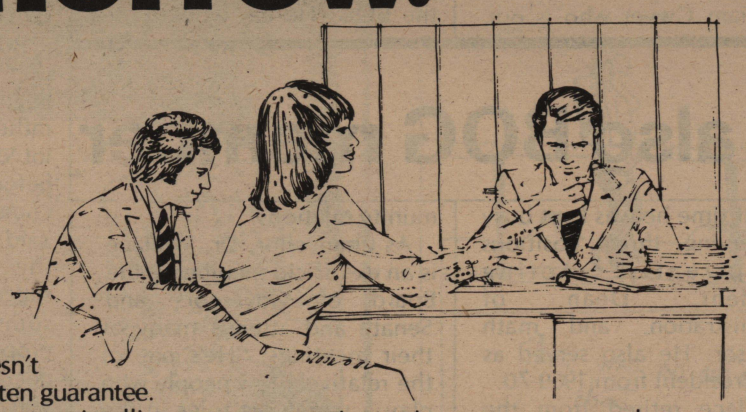

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COMMENT

What next grads?

By JOHN LUTON, Special to the Martlet

So you're graduating this year. Chances are that you will be faced, very shortly, with unemployment and other harsh realities far separated from the security of university life.

The degree you have will probably be more of a hindrance than a help; recently, I was refused a job because I was both over and under-qualified. I had too little work experience and too much education. Certainly, university is not meant to provide job training or to serve as a supercharged vocational institution—but university graduates have the same right to fair employment as any other sector of the Canadian work force does.

Why, then, were twenty-five per cent of university graduates unemployed last November? According to a University Manpower study, less than fifty per cent of 1976 grads were employed in a field related to their education. The situation for 1977 grads, while not yet totally clear, seems far worse. According to Statistics Canada's summer figures, the figure was less than twenty-five per cent four months after graduation.

The situation is not good. It is likely to get worse. There are a million unemployed in Canada. Close to fifty per cent of them are between the ages of fiteen and twenty-four. The argument can hardly be used that the unemployed are consciously responsible for their position—there are only four jobs available for every 100 unemployed in Canada today. Chiselers and frauds are not to blame.

The federal and provincial governments are doing little to alleviate the problem. The British Columbia Social Credit government is a good example of government neglect of the problem. Spending has been cut back in an effort to balance the budget, stifling economic growth and development. On top of this is the direct loss of hundreds of jobs through cutbacks and layoffs in the ferry services and B.C. Rail.

The federal government, for its part, stood and watched while Inco, a multinational mining corporation, cut 3500 people from its payrolls. Governments are combating the spectre of inflation by sacrificing jobs, and university students, among others, are being caught in the crunch.

Christmas time is a time to worry about exams and essays—but when the summer comes, the deadlines you have to meet will be the rent bills, the grocery bills, and the payments on your student loan. Will you pass the test of employability?

Maybe. You have a fifty-fifty chance of getting a job in a field related to your university training. You also have at least a twenty-five per cent chance of not finding a job at all. Think about it. What you can now contribute to the fight against unemployment may prove to be in your own self-interest.

Baker charges NORML all smoke

By BIX BURKHART, Martlet Staff

The use of marijuana is becoming acceptable at all levels of the Canadian social milieu, according to George Baker, director of the newly-formed Canadian branch of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML).

Baker illustrated the extensive use of the drug by relating a story of a recent radio interview with a well-known football star. Asked what he thought of the difference between astro-turf and grass, the player replied, "Well, I've never tried smoking astro-turf!"

The grey-haired, grey-suited and mustachioed Baker told a small audience in the SUB Theatre Tuesday that over two million Canadians have smoked cannibis and that, under the country's present laws, every one of them could be sent to jail.

People should be able to "grow up and make up their own minds as to which recreational drugs they use," the NORML leader argued. "The private use of marijuana should not be under government control."

"You'd think the government is going in the right direction," he noted, but soon made it clear he did not think the government of Canada was moving in anything near the right direction.

Baker said he recently wrote Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau wondering why nothing was being done to modify Canada's cannibis laws and received a reply stating "we're working on the problem; as yet, however, no time frame has been established in which the review of these laws will take place."

Not good enough, says Baker. Why, he asked, when an average of 1,100 Canadians are being arrested for marijuana possession each week, can't the goverment find time to consider changing the present laws. Especially when, he claimed,

(continued on page 14)

COMMENT

A Woman's Place

One measure of this is that the proportion of women in the administrative support (clerical and secretarial) categories has increased, not decreased, over the last five years. These are the low-paying positions; 41 per cent of female federal employees earn less than $10,000 a year. Only eight per cent of male workers earn that little.

Preston discussed the two areas on which the ACSW is currently focusing; 1) advising the federal government on the concerns of Canadian women; and 2) keeping the public informed of the government position and its subsequent actions. The ACSW does this through research and advocacy, with a large part of their budget allocated to research on issues such as rape, family law reform, birth planning, and women in the marketplace.

Has the position of women in Canada changed recently?

Can we sit back and relax without creating special advocates so that women continue to expand their role in society? Evidently not, if we use the position of women in the federal civil service as an indicator. As federal Advisory Council on the Status of Women (ACSW) member Norrie Preston related in a talk here Friday, the relative situation of women is in fact deteriorating.

The council presents position papers on and monitors such government policy as the new Human Rights Act, changes in the Canada Pension Plan and the public service's progress in expanding opportunities for women in administrative positions.

Preston reported that the Human Rights Act has been passed but not yet proclaimed and that progress is being made in this area in setting up the Commission's federal office. The twelve regional offices are to follow.

The Public Service Commission's lack of progress in its commitment to more opprotunities for women is the Advisory Council's current priority. Other high priorities are: the improvement of the status of Indian women and of female offenders, changes in family law and the principles to be upheld thereof, and increases in appointments of women to boards, commissions, and the Senate. The council is also distributing a kit designed to aid women in becoming involved in politics.

Considering that the 30 members of the advisory council most of whom are women, are not paid an annual salary (they receive an honorarium of $100 a day for their four meetings a year) and that the council's budget is limited, the ACSW in its four years of operation has made considerable progress in its study and action regarding the legal and practical inequalities experienced by women within Canadian society.

Little Red Writing Hood

I understand there's quite a demand for "Rings" in the underground market here at UVic. I didn't get a chance to read last week's copy before it was recalled by Petch's men. I heard from reliable sources that they were discussing a relevant issue. (Naturally anything even remotely resembling relevance must be censored.) Oh well, such is the way of a PR pamphlet, I suppose. (By the way I'd like to congratulate that decadent radical who wrote the "controversial" story. It was a good idea. Thanks for at least trying to write about something which could be helpful to students.)

This week we have chosen the act of the year. By this, we mean we want to pay tribute to the most constructive piece of legislation passed in the B.C. legislature this year. Without a doubt the most constructive legislation produced at our local Bastion of "Free Enterprise" was the CAPTAIN COOK BICENTENNIAL ACT. This act declares 1978 to be Captain Cook Bicentennial year and establishes a committee to publicize the 200th anniversary of Captain Cook's landing at Nootka Sound. The government is obviously setting an example for other smaller governments to follow. The Representative Assembly of the AMS, for example, could introduce The Peter Pan 15th Anniversary Act. This act could declare 1978 to be The Peter Pan Anniversary year and establish a committee to publicize the landing of this Never Never Land here on academic hill.

Now for a quick quiz. Without resorting to reference quickly name two areas of the world where people with beards are discriminated against. Give up? Well, Argentina is one. Beards are illegal there. Victoria Taxi and Bluebird Taxi here in Victoria is another place. People with beards are not permitted to work at either of these establishments. Imagine that. Maybe Argentina and good old Seaside City aren't so different after all.

I suppose the B.C. Socreds are trying out for the progressive party of the month award by their decision not to introduce slave labour legislation to our province. At the provincial Socred convention the motion to adopt "Right to Work" legislation (abolition of closed shop unions) as party policy was narrowly defeated thanks to some fast t aking by my favorite turncoat and provincial minister of labour, Allan Williams.

And now a tribute to a great Canadian sport; violence, I mean hockey. It appears a certain student here at UVic, while playing in a residence hockey game broke his stick over the head of an opponent. Fortunately this highspirited lad's opponent was wearing a helmet (part of the plastic armour necessary when playing "manly" sports such as hockey or football). I have often felt that Canadians can only develop their superb checking game in hockey if the players are armed with something slightly more lethal than a hockey stick. If all players were armed with a handgun, for example, it would put up-and-coming Dave Schultz types on even par with those professional show off types who skate, stick handle and score. I can see it all now. "Bang. Bang. Guess I stopped you at the blueline this time, eh guy?" You can also imagine all the extra profits the team owners could make by charging extra admission. After all, they could guarantee that the crowd would never be sickened by the sight of blood.

If I have the eloquence of men and angels too
But have no love,what can I do?

Corinthians I:13
(paraphrased by an agnostic)

"Well Doctor, at first I thought it was a wart."

TALK IS CHEAP

By LIZ SENEZ, Martlet Staff

As the pressure increases and exams loom closer, most students are burning the midnight oil to write essays, and to study, and a significant number are dropping like flies. The stress, lack of sleep, and faulty eating habits all contribute to lower youthful resistance to disease, and to attack any weakness in the body, just when the student most needs the support from her or his physical and mental resources.

In September it was the cold. Now in November the flu is claiming a greedy share of victims. What does it all mean? Why is the school year so plagued with an endless circle of colds, flus and fevers? Surely for virus and illness to be so rampant, and so constant in everyone's life, they must have some message, some value, some meaning. Can a person ever escape the depressing treadmill of minor diseases?

Western medicine takes the attitude that it is our fate, our unavoidable fate as human beings, to always be sick in some way. Doctors solve this sad situation by suggesting wasy to alleviate the misery by repressing the symptoms (DRUGS). In this way, whatever message the body is trying to tell its owner is suppressed, muffled, and sometimes distorted by side effects. In severe cases of disease the Western doctor brandishes the knife and amputates the offending organ, believing that if the nasty sick part is cut away, the rest of the body will be all right. Western medicine has traditionally treated the body as a set of separate parts, and this tradition is further emphasized by the way doctors specialize in the direction of a specific bodily function (i.e. internalist, nose and throat, eye, gynecologist, podiatrist, etc.)

In Oriental medicine the tradition has been quite the opposite, where each organ is considered as part of a whole, and any disease and its symptoms represent the degeneration of the entire physical system. In this context, the Western pill taken to repress one symptom (like aches and pains due to cold or flu) merely serves to irritate a different organ and forces the body to make its message via another route.

(continued on page 6)

NEWS

Full-time reps:

Shaw wins Senate

Victorious Senate candidate Mark Shaw said he was "pleasantly surprised" at the outcome of the recentelection which saw him narrowly defeat his closest opponent Saverio Colantonio.

"I think I tried to represent all people, even though I'm a grad student," Shaw said. "Maybe I'm just naive but I think they believed me." Shaw says he is interested in working on several Senate committees, especially the university budget committee. He says he feels that his courses in public administration in which he is doing graduate work will help him in his pet area of policy analysis.

"I hope I can justify the confidence the voters placed in me, he whispered modestly with downcast eyes.

Fine Arts Student Victoria Gray was elected to Senate by acclamation. At the recent All Candidates Meeting Gray put forward her platform saying she feels she can represent well the Fine Arts students as she has been active in departmental committees and work by the music students. She plans to work with the student Senate caucus in deciding how to vote at Senate.

There seems to be some confusion over the counting of ballots during the election. Saverio Colantonio asked for a recount but was told by the Registrar that the ballots had been counted twice. According to the scrutineers the first ballot between Colantonio and Shaw indicated 156 to 152 for Shaw. The second and final count indicated 195 for Shaw as opposed to 181 for Colantonio.

Part-time election:

Hick drops and wins

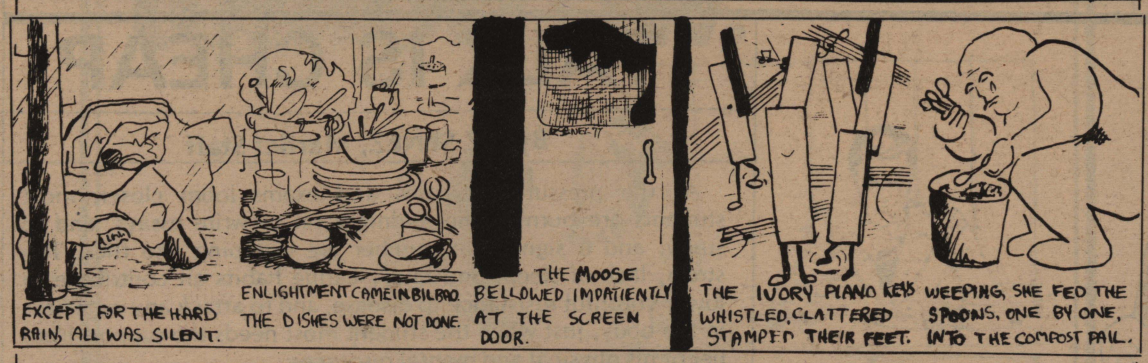
Major confusion surrounds the election victory of Bert Hick as part time student representative on Senate. Hick verbally resigned his candidacy in telephone calls to both the **Martlet** and Registrar Ron Ferry. He was unable to mount a campaign and unable to attend the All Candidates Meeting and said he felt he should withdraw. The election ballots had already been mailed out at the time of his verbal resignation and the Registrar advised that the election would go through with Hick's name.

"I am willing to work on Senate," Hick said, "But I withdrew from campaigning. I anticipated losing as I hadn't campaigned at all."

Hick won the election with ten votes over his nearest opponent Ben Webb. Less than five percent of students turned out to vote for the part-time student representative.

Hick says that he will accept the election results and bring the matter of his resignation before Senate. "If Senate feels I should not sit, I'll accept that," he said.

As a part-time student, Hick became interested in Senate, wanting to ensure proper representation of part-time students in university affairs. "My major concern is the overall thrust of the university; the content of the courses and departments." He is also concerned about the continuing education aspect of the university, which he says hits home especially to part-time students.


EXCEPT FOR THE HARD RAIN, ALL WAS SILENT.
ENLIGHTMENT CAME IN BILBAO. THE DISHES WERE NOT DONE.
THE MOOSE BELLOWED IMPATIENTLY AT THE SCREEN DOOR.
THE IVORY PIANO KEYS WHISTLED, CLATTERED STAMPED THEIR FEET.
WEEPING, SHE FED THE SPOONS, ONE BY ONE, INTO THE COMPOST PAIL.

...from 5

TALK IS CHEAP

And what is this message the body is trying to make? The body is calling attention to excess waste and is trying to eliminate it the best way it can. Our systems can get rid of a certain amount of waste, but when they become more radical and the result is a flu or a cold, the lungs become the organ of elimination and mucus is dispelled via the nose. With a fever, the bowels and the skin are the major elimination organs and waste is cleared from the body via the rectum and the pores of the skin. Oriental medicine believes that "there is only one cause of disease — improper eating."(Healing Ourselves, Noboru Muramoto). And as we in our culture are basically eating the same foods and making the same mistakes, everybody gets the same diseases; people believe that it is normal to get whatever it is, and there we are on the treadmill of unavoidable illness.

So there is a way, a wholesome way to get beyond the annoyance of colds and flus. Listen to your body. It is talking to you all the time, but you only listen when its message becomes too insistent to ignore. Don't wait for the flu to lay you back the week before your exams. Eat moderately all the time, eat good food, be aware of your diet, be sure it is balanced, be aware of the way and atmosphere in which you eat, and most importantly (and most often neglected) chew well and slowly.

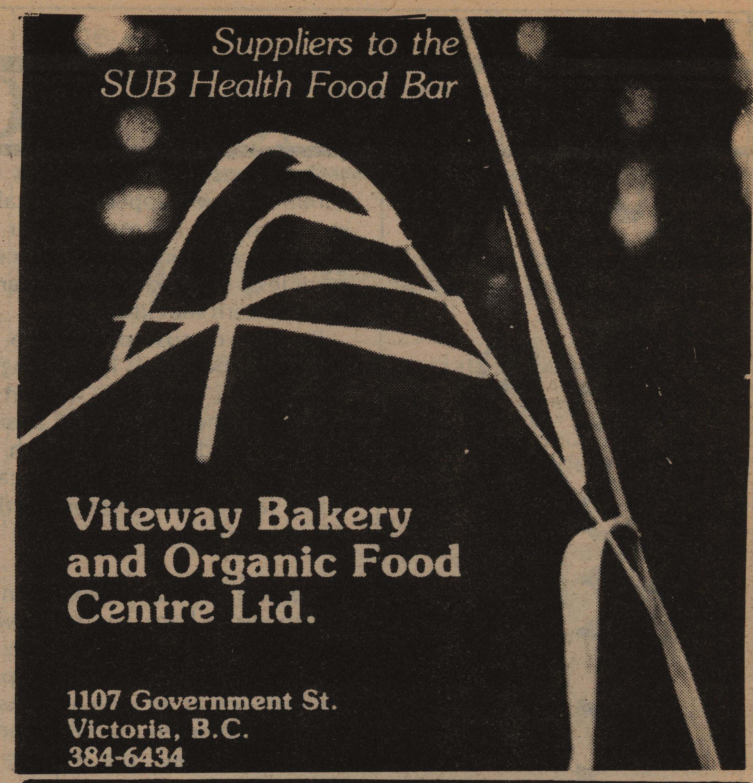
Senator meeting

There will be a Student Senator's Caucus meeting on Monday, December 5th at 6 p.m. in the Upper SUB Lounge. Senators invite any interested students and the newly elected Senators to attend.

Boogie boggled

Many students were disappointed Friday by the cancellation of a dance scheduled for the Commons Block. The band, apparently, failed to show up.

AMS activities director Liborio Nanni announced Monday that refunds may be obtained at the Student Union Building general office throughout this week.



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LETTERS

I.U.D. updated

Sir:

Re: R. Kilian's letter of 24 November 1977.

Here are a few I.U.D. statistics for you:

—6 per cent of women using it will become pregnant.

—0.3-1.5/100,000 women will die from infections caused by use of the I.U.D.

—13 per cent involuntary expulsion rate.

—approximately 25 per cent of all women using the I.U.D. will have to have it removed because of undesirable side effects such as pelvic inflammatory disease, uncontrolled bleeding, etc.

It is unfortunate that you did not make the obvious analogy between the intrapenal device and the intrauterine device. Do you think that they too could be the basis for "an outrageous new Monty Python episode"?

One of the 25 per cent
Rob Pazdro

(Statistics from **Our Bodies, Ourselves** by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective).

Law students won't split

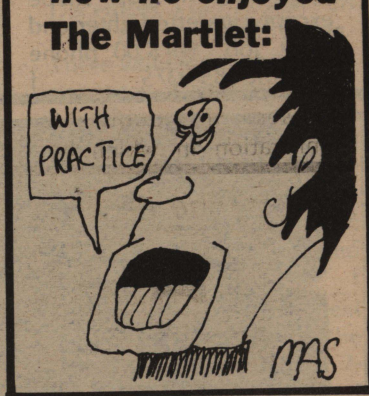
The following letter was sent to University President Howard Petch on November 25th. The Martlet received a copy shortly thereafter.

Dear Dr. Petch:

In a referendum held Thursday, November 24, and Friday, November 25, law students rejected the idea of withdrawing from the A.M.S. and joining the G.S.S. By a margin in excess of 75 per cent (on the question: "Should Law Students seek to withdraw from the A.M.S. and join the G.S.S.?") The actual vote was: Yes-20; No-71; Spoiled-3; Turn out-54 percent. The Law Students' Society Council interprets this vote as a strong statement in favour of remaining within the A.M.S.; accordingly, it does not contemplate participating in further discussions about the possibility of Law Students withdrawing from the A.M.S.

Sincerely yours,
Glen Paruk, President
Law Students' Society

We asked Ken Average how he enjoyed The Martlet:



Hill hits grassroots

By LAURIE BRINKLOW, Martlet Staff

When a performer steps onstage in the McPherson Theatre in stockinged feet, faded blue-jeans and a T-shirt, audience reaction is bound to be mixed. But when Dan Hill sat down at the mike, surrounded by guitars and bottles of orange juice, the applause was overwhelming. Because that's just the way he is, and everyone who has ever listened to his music knows it.

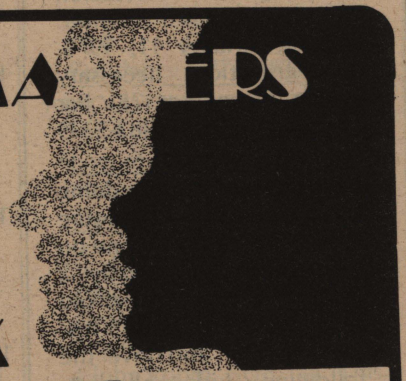
At 23, Canadian-born Dan Hill is already famous for his music. Yet, when he opened his Sunday concert with the title cut from his latest of three albums, **Longer Fuse**, he appeared to be nervous and a little disbelieving of the whole thing. He said later, in one of his many anecdotes, that he still couldn't believe that people were actually paying to listen to him. And, as he continued, his songs and short talking interludes showed the audience that he is still a real, down-to-earth person.

His choice of material ranged from his earlier songs, **Growing Up**, **You Say You're Free**, **You Make Me Want To Be**, to new unrecorded pieces, such as **Little Sister** and **All I See Is Your Face**. Accompanying himself on acoustic guitar, the mellow music and sensitive lyrics produced a melancholia that is found in all his love songs. It is his sense of universality that the audience identifies so easily with.

A surprise guest was a good friend of his, American songwriter, Barry Mann. Playing the piano, he performed his more popular songs, **On Broadway**, **You've Lost That Loving Feeling** and his most recent hit, sung by Dolly Parton, **Here You Come Again**. Mann then accompanied Dan Hill with his latest hit **Sometimes When We Touch**, for which Mann wrote the music.

The two encores and standing ovation from a near-capacity crowd indicated that Dan Hill was a success in Victoria. In his first encore Hill dedicated to the audience **Hold On**, then played **Seed of Music** as a mellow culmination to an enjoyable evening. As a good friend summed it up best later: "I'm in love!"

HEAD MASTERS



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Come in and enjoy homemade soups, and meat pies to escargot and steaks in an authentic "OLDE ENGLISH" atmosphere

You'll find a traditional banquet hall for feasts. Other rooms of varying size and decor allow you to dine according to your mood. Feast in the magnificent manner of mediaeval times. For a complete evenings fun, return to a robust and glorious era of superb eating, drinking and entertainment. You can join in the fun, by phoning for reservations, or by booking a private feast for your own group.

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Mediaeval Inn for lunch
or dinner every day but Sunday
10% discount for A.M.S. students.

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NOTICEBOARD

SEMINAR X-Ray analytical and Electron Microscopical Studies of Heavy Metals in Tissues. Presented by Dr. David Popham, B.Sc. (UVic), M.Sc. (Man.) Ph. D. (N.S.W.) PDF, Dept. of Biological Sciences, Simon Fraser University. Dr. Popham will present material from his recent studies on mussels and other organisms. Friday, November 25, 3:30 p.m. Cunningham 1102. f

For Sale: (I lost my driver's license) 1967 Ford Custom, reliable 289 engine good on gas and oil, 79,000 miles everything in top shape except cigarette lighter and paint job. $675.00 phone anytime 385-0375 f

To the people who bought the bed about two weeks ago, I have found the metal sidings. Please call Kathy at 497-4725 after 7 p.m. to arrange to pick them up. f

ATTENTION FACULTY & STAFF: Job creation ideas wanted to start a federally funded employment program or business venture for disadvantaged young men and women in the Cowichan Valley. Any suggestions will be most welcome. Write John Middleton, c/o Cedar Lodge Centre, RR1 Cobble Hill V0R 1L0. tfn

LOST on soccer field last Saturday: two rings. Reward offered for their return. Phone Leona, 384-1329. f

REWARD OFFERED! for anyone who finds my gold Seiko watch. It has a gold band and case and a brown face. Lost in the vicinity of the Cunningham or Library Nov. 21-22. It has great sentimental value! Elaine, ph. 477-9960. f

NEED SOME things moved? Any time, any day—Call Astral Moves— 386-3880 and ask for Martin or Graham. f

OFFERED for the first time in Victoria, the "Club Canadien-Francais" is sponsoring a series of 10 two-hour classes in the art of "Pastry". Those enrolling will learn the skill of baking fine cakes and desserts like: "Croissants, St. Honore, Charlotte, Diplomate, etc...". A demonstration course taught by an eminent chef, Georges Wagner, winner of gold medals at the Frankfurt International Culinary Exhibition. All classes conducted in French. Sampling and discussion will follow each session. Starting January 11, 1978. Pre-registration necessary before December 28. For information call 383-5335 weekedays 3-4 p.m. f

HI! I'm a prison inmate doing 5 to 8 years and would sure like to write to someone on the outside, especially a woman. I am a 26 year old single male, weigh 175 lbs, am 6'0" tall and love the following: kids, all outdoors, eating(!), chess, football, hunting, fishing, reading, poetry, writing letters. It's kind of lonely in prison and me or one of the other dudes here would love to correspond with any woman—fat, short, tall, skinny—no matter! Replies are forwarded. Reg Spencer, Box 57, Centreville, N.B. E0J 1H0. f

FOR SALE: EDS 15S Semi-automatic turntable, belt-drive, new cartridge dust cover, Phone Pete at 385-0154 between 5-7 pm.

To Celebrate the "Sainte-Catherine Day" the Club Canadien-Francais de Victoria will sponsor two interesting events:

1. CARD GAMES PARTY: A chance to try your luck and speak French. Bring your set of cards. A snack will be served.
2. French books display and sale by "Le Bouquineur" from Vancouver. A wide selection of books for all ages, children's books, records, Christmas, etc. ...this is the only display-sale of the year.

Everyone welcome. Both events will be held on November 26 at 307 Richmond Avenue Victoria, from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. The French Books display and sale will continue on November 27 at 11 a.m. f

WHITEWATER CLUB Pool Time is on Sunday evenings from 5:00 to 6:30, Dec. 4, 11 and 18. All interested people are encouraged to attend. Bring your own equipment if possible. Meet at McKinnon pool. For further information call Heidi at 595-6573 evenings.

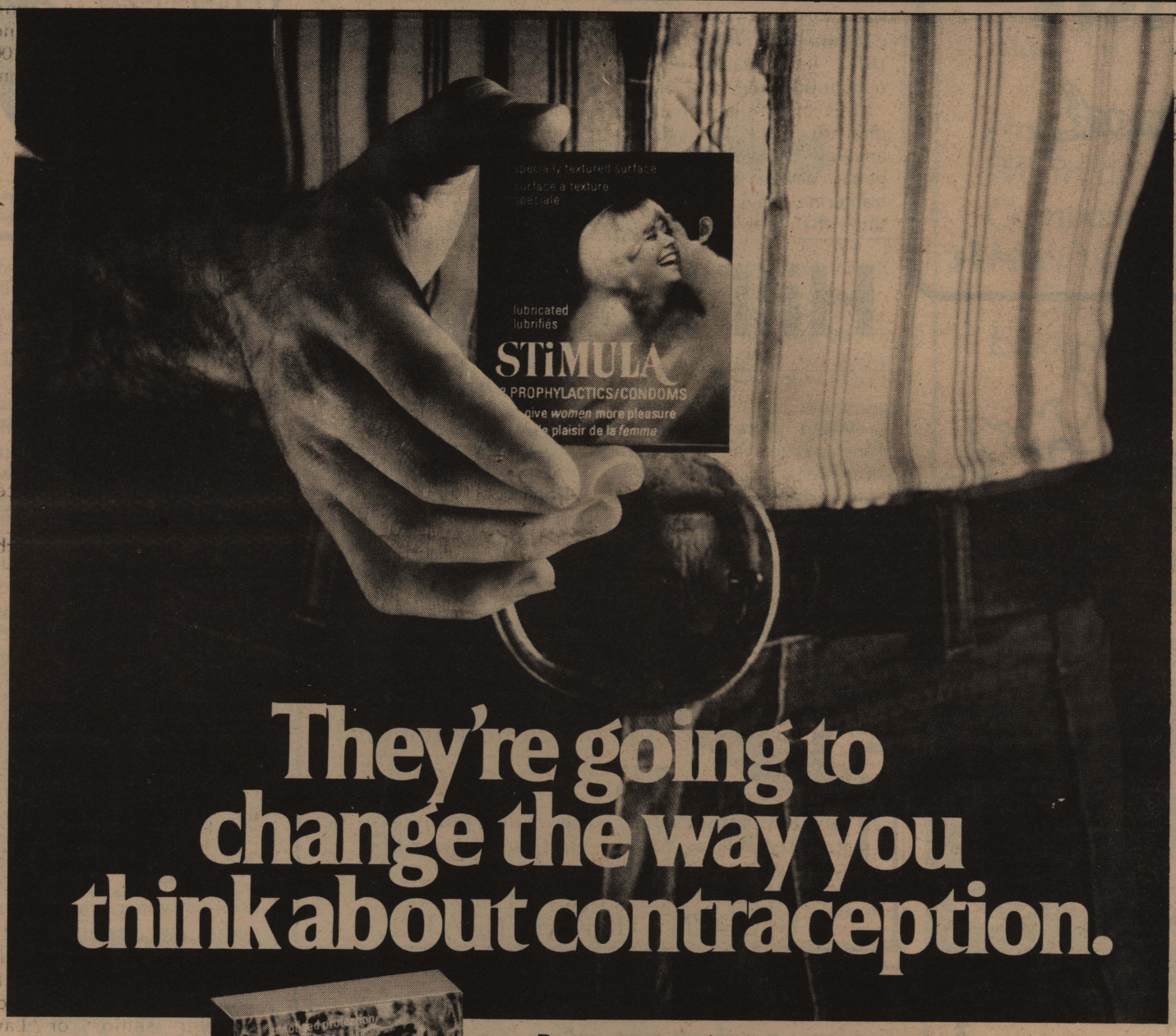
ROOM to rent in large 3 bedroom house. Large living room and kitchen to share with two students. Fireplace. Basement suitable for work area. Rent - $133. utilities included. Call 385-7926. f

FOR SALE: Bellini oil paints, 1 pint jars, nearly full. 10 colors. $6 each. Phone 477-5337 (after 1 p.m.) f

GRADUATE STUDENTS required, new and used, for G.S.S. Christmas Dance with the Honky Tonk Heroes in the SUB Upper Lounge, December 9th 8:00 p.m. Dance those thesis blues away. Admission free. f

THE VICTORIA ECKANKAR Centre is presenting a film and an introductory talk on Eckankar, the Ancient Science of Soul Travel. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:00 p.m. in Clearihue 130. Anyone interested is welcome to attend. For more infomration visit the Victoria Eckankar Centre at 1012 Blanshard or call 383-7523. f

I NEED SOMEONE to share my two bedroom basement suite— available Dec. 1st. Mostly furnished. $100 covers everything. On McKenzie Ave. less than 2 miles from UVic. Phone Alison: 477-7507. f



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NOTICEBOARD

THE CLUB Canadien-Francais will present a one hour "Christmas Special" on Tuesday, December 20, at 7:30 p.m. on Channel 10. "Noel a Victoria" is the title and will feature local French talents: "Les Cornouillers", folkdancing group - Mme De Tremaudan, poet - Albina Chaton, singer - Pierre McLean, bassoon - Richard Lambert, Clarinet - Claudette Richard, monologue - Elisabeth Zunti, alto - Monique Fortier, Soprano - Georges Wagner, chef-patissier. Would you please tune in? We would like to share our Christmas with you. f

FOR THE FINEST in country-rock music, hire the "Honky Tonk Heroes" band for your next dance. Phone Richard at 385-6206 or Joe at 595-8282 for bookings. f

NEEDED: One female student (20-25) to share two-bedroom apartment after Christmas. P.S. Apartment must be found first. Price range: $200-$275 per month. Phone Elizabeth, 385-8252. f

LOOKING FOR RIDE to Edmonton! On or after December 20. Please contact Roland Lee at Sac 210, Craigdarroch Residence, 477-6981. f

ABSOLUTELY URGENT! 1971 MGB very good condition. Lots of extras. Call 385-6254 after 5:00 p.m. deadline must be met. f

THE REGULAR MEETING of the UVic Women's Action Group will be held on Monday at 12:30 in the Clubs Room, SUB 144. This is the last regular meeting before Christmas Break. All invited. f

EVERONE IS WELCOME to the last meeting of 1977 of the UVic Social Services Students' Association in the Landsdowne Lower Lounge on Monday, Dec. 5 at 11:30. Richard Hart from Citizen's Advocacy will be the guest speaker. f

Photography club meeting on Mon. Dec. 5 at 3:30 in SUB Upper Lounge. f

We, as feeling human beings, need, want and desire. However, too many of us are guided by selfishness and greed—subsequently, we often abuse the privilege of an honest mutual exchange with others. I am a political prisoner seeking to share with others, a real and honest part of myself. Melvin L. Davidson, B-57, 136273, Marion, Ohio 43302. f

VIETNAM TODAY. Tran Thi An, member of the National Assembly of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, and Dean of the Department of Pharmacology of the University of Hanoi, and Le Thi Thuy, Deputy Head of the Foreign Relations Department of the Vietnam Women's Union, will have an informal discussion and answer questions on Vietnam Today. Sunday, November 27, 8 p.m., Upper Lounge, SUB. f

WANTED: Old sheet metal or other type wood stove with pipes. To be used to heat carport and keep boat and hands warm while building. Phone local 4728 ro 385-8548 and ask for Steve. f

FOR SALE: Scientitic calculator with adapter and case, $20.00. Phone local 4728 or 385-8548 (ask for Steve) f

WANTED: Piano to practise on. I cannot put one in my apartment and would appreciate use of yours. I have two music degrees, am dependable and will maintain your piano. Phone Jan at 383-5385. f

TWO STUDENTS (Female) sharing a two bedroom condominium overlooking the university, with sauna and swirlpool, will be looking for a third girl to share the apartment starting in Jan. Rent is $100 a month, plus about $20 utilities, Phone 477-9322 evenings around six. f

THE UVIC FRENCH CLUB is putting on a Soiree Canadienne on Saturday December 3 in the SUB Pub from 8 p.m. until 1 a.m. There will be dancing, both square dancing and modern, singing, skits and sketches. The cost is $1.00 for students, $1.50 for non-students. If you wish, you can bring a small gift and they can be exchanged during the evening. f

This weekend and all next week—"Sour Grapes" at the Surf Side Cabaret. Dec 2-10. f

Lead Vocalist/up front person for working Rock Band. Panache and accurate pitch essential. Phone Terry 477-0311 or Sean 592-6073. f

UMBRELLA: Would whoever took my black umbrella from Clearihue or the University Centre please return it to the Math Office. No questions asked.-M.S. f

For sale: Fender Super Reverb guitar amplifier, 10 yrs. old, four 10 inch speakers, for $450. Phone Sean 592-6073 or leave note in M box, music dept. f

2FIRESTONE T&C studded snow tires E78-15. Used 1 winter. $30/pair. 477-7661. f

SHARE two bedroom house with serious student. $130. a month plus percentage of utilities. Quiet neighborhood and in walking distance of stores, transportation and ocean. Fully furnished, wall to wall, & washer and dryer included. Prefer senior or Law student. Available Nov. 29. phone 384-4262. f

FOR SALE: two almost new studded snow tires on rims. Size to fit a VW Bug. $50. On campus phone local 6645. f

THE CUSO committee regrets the cancellation of the "Information Night" November 23...we were "weathered out"...the event will be re-scheduled during January. f

LOST Thursday, November 24 at 4:00 in the ladies washroom of the library—an opal ring with a dark stone. I'd really like to get it back. Please turn it in to the Lost and Found or phone me at 384-2378 (evenings). REWARD f.

Now... more than ever the RCMP offers a rewarding career

If you've ever considered a career in law enforcement, now's the time to talk to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The opportunities have never been greater.

For instance, the RCMP is accepting applications from both men and women, married and single. And the salary scale has increased considerably. It starts at $13,500. per year ($260. weekly) with regular increases to $19,000. ($365. weekly) in the first four years.

If accepted as a member of the Force, you'll receive intensive training in all aspects of police work such as law, investigation, first aid and community relations. Then you'll be posted to a detachment where there's every chance to put your knowledge and talents to work; to earn promotion and, equally important, be proud of what you're doing for yourself and for Canada as a member of one of the finest police forces in the world.

So if you're a Canadian citizen 18 or over and in good physical condition; think about a career with the RCMP.

Call or write your nearest office or use the coupon. We'd like to tell you more.

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with Federal Government,
close January 31ST

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McPHERSON LIBRARY

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera

Music and Audio in the basement of the Library will be tuned in to the CBC opera broadcast from the Met every Saturday beginning December 3.

This week: Verdi's "Rigoletto" conducted by James Levine

Good luck
on your examinations
and have a happy holiday

Records and Administration

Food Services say...

Next time you are out jogging,
drop in and have a hot drink.
It will do us both good.

INTRAMURALS AND RECREATION BROCHURE

for second term available Jan. 9 at McKinnon 121.

Good luck on your exams and Happy Holidays.

THINK AHEAD!

Spring Term **Philosophy Courses**

Philosophy 232: ***Moral Problems of Contemporary Society.***
(No prerequisites)
Philosophy 327: ***Social and Political Philosophy II: Marx.***
(Prerequisites: 3 units in Philosophy or Political Science 300 or permission of instructor)
Philosophy 416: ***Knowledge and Certainty.***
(Prerequisites: 6 units in Philosophy or permission of instructor)
Philosophy 422: ***Aristotle***
(Prerequisites: 9 units in philosophy or permission of instructor)

Department of Music

EARSCAPE, New Music Series	Thursday, Dec. 1 8:00 pm Art Gallery
UVIC CHAMBER SINGERS, Bruce More,	Friday Dec. 2 12:30 pm Mac 144
UVIC CONCERT BAND, Glen Fast, conductor	Tuesday Dec.6 12:30 pm Mac 144
FACULTY RECITAL SERIES, III Pacific Winds, assisted by Robin Wood and Phyllis Mailing	Wednesday Dec. 7 8:00 pm Mac 144 Admission $3 and $2

DINNER/MUSIC precedes the recital.
Information about dinner from Continuing Education, 477-6911 (4802)

FINANCIAL AID

In order to get the second disbursement
of your Canada Student Loan,
you must obtain a
Schedule 11
from your bank and
have it signed by the
Financial Aid Office
to verify that you are still enrolled
in a minimum of 9 units.

You may do this
on your first day of classes in January,
or anytime thereafter until
the end of the Spring Term.

Don't forget!
Schedule II's are NOT available from
the Financial Aid Office,
but from your bank.

UVic Students:
There are several merchants in Victoria who offer a 10% discount on regular priced goods to UVic students. When doing your christmas shopping, be sure to ask if they offer this. Merry christmas-
Ad Dept.

University of Victoria Bookstore

THE BEST SELECTION OF NEW BOOKS FOR FALL READING AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE PLAGUE DOGS **Richard Adams** **$10.95**
Richard Adams, author of WATERSHIP DOWN has bested himself! This moving and exciting book is in part a great escape story; in part an impassioned plea for a more sensitive, more responsible attitude towards the whole natural world.

TOM THOMSON: The Silence And The Storm
Harold Town & David Silcox **$29.95**
This, the most beautiful book of the year, is a superlative tribute to Thomson. 172 full-colour paintings have been reproduced with outstanding fidelity.

GUINESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS Norris McWhirter $8.95
What was the longest time to become a saint? How big is the largest vat? How small is the smallest pub? A fun book for the whole family.

TALES FROM TIMES PAST ed. by Bryan Holme $11.95
An enchanting new book which captures the elegant nineteenth century golden age of fairy tales. Beautifully illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, Aruthur Rackham, Kay Neilson, Edmun Dulac...and many more. A delight for all ages.

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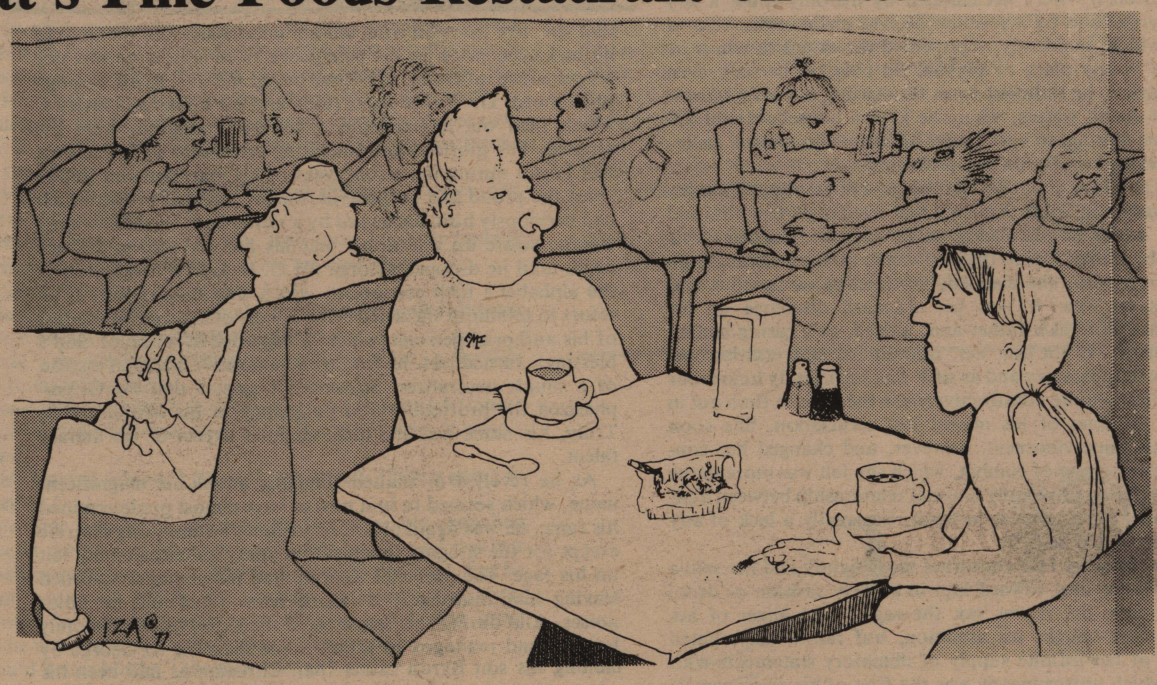
Even cat haters like these!

COMING SOON...RESERVE YOUR COPIES NOW!
The controversial **PORTRAIT OF A SPY** by Ian Adams.

MARTLET MAGAZINE

Conversations with Scott's Fine Foods Restaurant on Yates



"hey love, you,
you can have me if you like me.
you like me don't you babe?
sure babe, sure you do.
sure you like me
sure you'll love me."

officer's mess:
"that's all it was—cheeseburgers and chips
oysterburgers and chips, corned beef sandwiches, chips,
and chips with gravy all night long.

fuck, 'e's here, an' 'e gotta haircut too

bad"

twenty-eight pairs of jaws
dance to the rhythm of Wrigleys
while five guys bunny-hop in
and out
of the same can.

"just get out you bastard
leave right now and I don't want to see you"
split flannel seams and a wounded rhino retreats.

"hey love
the other love, you love

swamp drink, ya
swamp drink, ya
that's root beer and orange
ya, that's swamp drink

a coffee please, love

fuck Victoria

and don't tell anybody about my

banana and I'm not daring you
with a caramel sundae
or pickles on the ice-cream

love? more coffee here
lots more coffee
and put that on my bill

oh Christ, oh Christ, oh Christ
fuck, oh Christ

ya, love, I got me two kids
but what the hell, I want one more

just one more babe?"

H. Bruce Knapp

POET'S CORNER

You Forget

Your presence borders on the indelicate.
You forget
your face; a two-headed coin. One,
love's warrior, the other a knight in shining.

You dance the ritual confession, blinded by your own light.
Seeking absolution, you forget
past atrocities. It is futile to ask for pleasantries or civilities.
They fell long ago, as with other obscene mercies.

You forget too much—blood drawn with a touch.
Myself, I no longer search forgotten pockets for two-headed coins. One,
love's warrior, the other a knight in shining.

Trudy Gallant

I Promised You Nothing

I promised you nothing
and nothing I'll send
rejoice in your misery
right to the end

Today was a paradise
also a hell
I'm sending this letter
hoping you're well

I lift up my mind to you
I rest my soul
if this is the begining
where ends it all?

Murray Robertson

Elemental Person

Trying to decide
if she's bush or garden (rock)
Its frightening to discover oneself ocean.

Trudy Gallant

From the Editor

This is just a note to acknowledge your generous support which has allowed us, at least for the time-bing, to expand from a broadsheet to a three page magazine format. Remember we are interested in creative criticism as well as creative writing. If you have opinions on the Canadian Publishing Industry, the quality and character of modern Canadian writers, the relationship between the government and the arts, creative writing departments, etc., then the Martlet Magazine offers you a unique platform for your views. Contributions should be typed, accompanied by a brief biographical note, and submitted to the Martlet Magazine in our S.U.B. office. P.S. One of Canada's opinion makers continues his analysis of the Canadian literary scene in a series of radio talks on C.B.C. (Dec. 3, 10, and 17 at 10:05 P.M.). While George Woodcock's major concern is with the influence of government involvement in the arts, the December 3 and 10 talks promise a more in depth discussion of modern fiction, poetry and criticism.

ed.

The MARTLET MAGAZINE editor is WILL GARRETT-PETTS

This issue's contributors:

H. BRUCE KNAPP a writer, musician, photographer and unacknowledged winner of the University Song Contest.

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TRUDY GALLANT is a poet.

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Mount Baldy Specials

—if you need to use the bathroom you'd better go now. There's only a hole in the ground up at the house.

—I'm fine thankyou, said the carpenter seriously.

—You'd better bring a flashlight, he said to his wife, it gets dark up here pretty early.

He was thirty-three, a professor of psychology at Cal. Tech., had been married nearly a year, and he and his wife had just bought a house.

They left the cottage and walked half-a-mile past cabins of rough wood, pioneer green weather roofing and cedar shingles. The carpenter grinned a little at the roofing: it cost $750 and the owners only used the cottages a few weeks out of the year. There had been a run on them last summer.

—"The Mount Baldy specials", that's what we used to call them, he thought.

—It's just a little down this trail, said the professor leading the way through tall grass and bushes which more than once bit through his trouser-legs and caused him to wince.

—Nice country, eh?

His wife smiled and the carpenter nodded.

—We've been living up here in the cottage for about six months now. Did you notice the cottages? All look alike don't they? Anyway, last week Marg and I decided we liked living here and wanted to stay. And the next day we heard about the house. God, a sign from the heavens, right? Why pay rent when you can own a place of your own? So, anyway, we signed the papers, paid for it cash, and it's all ours. Cost us seven thousand but it's worth it.

Across a dirty grey sea of broken rocks and gravel, forty feet up, and built into the side of a cliff sat the house.

—What the hell is keeping it up there? murmered the carpenter.

—Yeah, isn't it great?

The strangest aspect of the house, even stranger than its seemingly impossible position, was its lack of windows. It had only one. A great glass eye, as black and as conspicuous as the house itself. At least a third of the hopelessly arranged collection of boards and nails protruded over the rock face. With the precision of a circus performer, this left over cyclops balanced on the cliff's edge. A sundeck, supported by two beams wedged into the side of the rock, hung underneath the foundations as if to catch anything that might accidently fall.

—This area used to be a quarry, and I guess the people who worked it must have left the house behind. It's kind of special though isn't it?

—Different, suggested the carpenter.

—That's it exactly! Marg and I don't want a place that looks like everybody else's. Not one of those vac-u-form jobs. This has got character. It's ...well, it's...

—Ours, said the wife.

—Living up there, mused the professor, It needs some work though, before we move in.

—Sure. After all, that's what you're paying me for.

—What do you think needs doing first? I thought we might sort of start at the top and work down.

The carpenter grinned a little.

—Something in the way of roofing, huh? Had you thought about cedar shingles. They don't come any better than cedar.

by Homogeneous Pulp

UTOPIA

A short story by Patrick Wolfe

You'd never know from the way she talked to him that he was a renowned writer and world-traveller, but he was. Her ability to make him seem unexceptional, to reduce his romantic wanderings to wayward boyishness, was really just another manifestation of the curious separateness his life had from the supposedly banal humdrum of most people's lives. He felt her verbal swats and jabs at his life-style were part of the price of fame, another example of the undue suffering the ill-informed masses caused the great to bear, and he felt his tolerance of her abuses of him was simply confirmation of his own rarified stature. It was great comfort to him to know that he only had to endure the pettiness of her presence once or twice a year. These periodic detours away from his work, which meant his travels and writing—or "my incessant search" as he was apt to say mysteriously—were necessitated by his only child, a boy named Byron, and by a promise he had made to his wife—a promise which, incidently, represented the extent to which he had roots in any place or person. So now, as he had seven months earlier, he returned from his drifting dreamer's home in ancient Asian waters, where he kept a houseboat and did most of his writing, to visit Janet, his mundane spinster sister-in-law, and see how Byron was getting on.

He was thinking about his next book, a novel about a mythic lost civilization in South America that lived in perfect bliss and harmony, which he planned to begin when he returned to his home in the Indian Ocean the next week, as Janet berated him about Byron who, she claimed, was getting as peculiar and distant as he was. It was her standard discourse on his lamentable failure as a father and, indeed, as a caring human being. But he did not hear her. Initially her conversation was an attempt at pleasantry and as such was sufficiently innocuous to allow him to quite constructively use the time to flesh out in his mind the lines of his newest lost civilization. She soon realized his imperviousness, however, and changed her conciliatory tone to one of combat, which she felt was more to the point considering the wholly unusual relationship between him, Byron, and herself, which, in truth, was really a lack of any real relationship at all.

As her reddening face contorted more tightly and her saliva began to either dart toward him in a lively fashion or drool over her lower lip, it was not the raging wet anger of her argument that caught his attention, but rather her repated prefacing of her infinite supply of dematory statements with Geroge, which unfortunately was the first of his given names. George, George, George, he kept hearing her nasty, vile, cutting squeaky sewer of a voice say. Oh, how he hated it! In the face of this unbecoming onslaught he reminded himself that she was simply a stupid member of mediocrity's mass and that she, like his dead wife, did not understand that the George he had been prior to his emergence from obscurity was not longer a true reflection of his real being. He was, as his writings proclaimed, G. Walter Scott Eden and his books and articles, which held out a wondrous vision for mankind, were his essence. The glorious and liberating adventure of his success had begun during the second year of his marriage and finally freed the proud and purposeful romantic animal in him which had previously been harnessed by a rather bashful shallowness. George swore up and down that his literary success did not begin until he dropped George for G. In fact, the inclusion of the alphabet's fifth consonant, which was initially seen as an effort to minimize the deleterious effects of George on the rest of his authorial persona (which he regarded as a sign of God's blessing), turned out, he felt, to be a positive addition instead of a simple neutralizer. Somehow it seemed that the G. emphasized the profundity and poignancy of his written work. Truly, his name was the most singular aspect of his literary talent.

As he revelled in exalted thoughts about his magnificent name, which seemed to him now to have almost predetermined his fame, he was again oblivious to Janet's continuing diatribe except for the stinging touch of hot spray he occasionally felt on his face. The prefacial Georges had momentarily subsided leaving him thoroughly detached from Janet and her idiot noises. And during this sequestered silence he recalled happily how he had managed to attach some meaning to George by naming his son Byron rather than Christian as had been his wife's desire. It was while he was remembering this splendid bit of inspiration, this closest of his attachments to his son, that Janet, finally realizing that he hadn't heard a word she'd said, bellowed "George!" ferociously in a last ditch effort to get his attention.

Shaken from his reveries, George looked upon Janet with royal condescension as he wiped a weighty gob of spit from below his left eye. He grimaced and swallowed with distaste as he was forced again into cognizance of the cramped ugliness of her kitchen, clean and functional though it was. What a horrible little place, he thought, as he waited for her to say something. But she was quiet now, the rage having gone out of her, and a look of infinite incredulity on her face. George decided he rather liked her that way. Then, quick as a darting snake, seeing his chance to disengage himself from this unfortunate situation—he had gotten very good at this over the years—, he beat his retreat saying: "I think I'll be off now. I'll see Byron at the school and be out of your way."

He stood up and stepped around the table toward Janet. Smiling beneficently and patting her on the shoulder as she sat there still looking incredulous, he took a package and an envelope from his overcoat pocket and said: "Here's your cheque and my latest writings. Perhaps you should get Byron to read them to you." This jolted her out her daze and rekindled her rage, but before she could speak he, sensing the renewed upheaval, said hastily: "I'll see myself to the door," and, as he ran down the ahll, "if you need anything, write," which he just got out of his little serpent's slit of a mouth in time and seemed to Janet a receding echo as he exited posthaste out the front door. He nearly tripped down the front steps as a result of the viciously bellowed "George" which emaneted from Janet and followed him out the open door. Really, though, it was only a bellow of helplessness which Janet produced almost gleefully as though she knew it was her only solace when George was around. God, she thought, as the door slammed behind George leaving her there alone facing the package containing his latest batch of seductive fantasies. She wanted to throw them out, but she knew that she could not as they were the life-blood of Byron's anemic existence.

As George drove to Byron's high school in the big ocean-liner of a car he had rented at the airport he tried to think of his son and what he would say to him, but Janet's final infernal bellow of his name kept recurring in his mind the same way that vague memories of the past sometimes troubled him and interferred with his quest for the idyllic future. For the life of him he could not remember anything of his last visit with Byron, and that, for some unknown reason, bothered him because it had been for six days the previous autumn, the longest period of time he had spent with his son since his wife's death which had occurred on Byron's second birthday, a week before their third anniversary, and a month after he had finished his splendid second book. But his forgetfulness is explained by the fact that they hadn't really talked about anything; anything, that is, other than his writings, which they often read aloud together and about which Byron often asked questions. Indeed, other than eat and sleep and ignore Aunt Janet, they had done nothing else than sit in Byron's room or walk along the beach and discuss the collected works of G. Walter Scott Eden.

George began to recall these loving conversations as he approached the school and he thought that it would be wonderful if he had other followers as devoted as Byron. He lamented the fact that of the small number of his numerous fans he had met, none seemed to have anything like the keenness that Byron had. As he got out of his titanic car with studied yet unconscious ostentation, he told himself that it was only a matter of time before the fervor began. Things would be different when Byron became of age and began writing and promoting the cause too. He stopped on the cement path leading to the school's main entrance and choked down the emotion that had suddenly welled up inside him. Then he went inside and down the wide hall-way, noisier than usual with the traffic of noonhour, to the main office.

"Oh my, hellow, Mr. Eden," one of the secretaries who had met him before chortled with surprise and reverence.

He smiled benignly and added a little aristocratic bow as a gratuitous thrill for her as she left her desk and came toward the counter where he stood with such noble bearing. He took great satisfaction in knowing that he could act the role of G. Walter Scott Eden and do it with wisdom and aplomb. Indeed, this role was his life. He was a writer and his name was a symbol and just now the two had merged mysteriously in a manner that his grand vision knew was God-like.

"I'd like to see my son, Byron," he said momentarily as she stood star-struck before him.

"Oh," she said seriously and added with grave earnestness, "I hope he's in the school."

She walked across the office to the table where the microphone for the school intercom was kept and she repeated twice in a rasping voice quite different from the one she had used a moment before: "Byron Eden, report to the office please." She turned and looked at George and he smiled approvingly at her. The thought quickly crossed his mind that these moments of service to G. Walter Scott Eden were probably the highpoint of her career. When, after a few minutes, Byron didn't appear, she repeated her call over the intercom. She felt wretched as she waited again for Byron to appear. Poor Mr. Eden, she thought.

"I'm afraid Byron doesn't seem to be in the school," she said apologetically, again changing the tone of her voice. "He's probably eating his lunch outside on the grounds somewhere. I'll accompany you if you'd like to have a look."

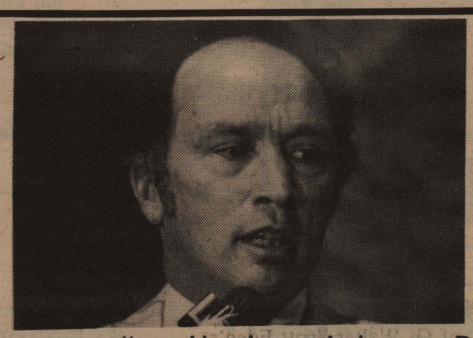
"That would be good of you," Mr. Eden replied with charming aloofness.

As he and the secretary went out one side door, Byron (or B.C. Eden as he liked to imagine himself being known as out of deference to his dear dead mother's wish and to imitate the initialed character of his father's famous name) dreamily slipped into the school through another door quite unaware of the wondrous proximity of his father to his own being. But even had Byron known of G. Walter Scott Eden's imposing presence, it is unlikely that he would have diverted himself from his present course. Indeed, he felt he was engaged in an activity, a quest that was the very essence of the truth G. Walter Scott Eden espoused. Indeed and indeed, as the great Eden, that is the senior Eden, wrote of and prophesized the fulfillment of mankind, so now he, Eden the younger, felt himself on the verge of the first great fulfillment of his life and it filled him with an almost over-powering sensation with regard to the ultimate success of his father's cause.

With blissful oblivious stealth he skipped quickly down the corridor and into the first empty classroom he came to. He closed the doors so that he was shut off from the rest of the school and he went purposefully over to the row of desks closest to the windows. Gazing intently out he sat down sideways on one of the desk seats. He was almost in a

A Day In The Life Of The Prime

by Steve Ivings



The alarm clock in the Prime Minister of Canada's bedroom was set for seven o'clock. It was five past seven. The clock didn't work either.

The Prime Minister was snoring; first in French followed by an English translation. He was dreaming about mallard ducks. All of a sudden a m aid came bustling into the room. She tapped the Prime Minister with her bustle and told him to wake up.

"Wake up", she said.

The Prime Minister turned over and told the maid to fuddle-duddle herself. He wanted to sleep some more. Not being one to take insults sitting down, the maid remained standing and shook the Prime Minister profusely.

"Stop shaking me so profusely", the Prime Minister whined. He wiped the sleep from his brow and the sweat from his eyes. He threw back the covers.

"Oh, this is terrible", cried the maid.

"Its not that bad", said the Prime Minister, covering himself up again.

"No, not that", breathed the maid, breathlessly. "Last night seven members of the RCMP were caught and arrested for illegal entry".

"I'll be a monkey's uncle," said the Prime Minister. Just then his nephew walked into the room and started eating a banana.

"It's true, sir," the maid continued. "They were all caught going through the files in the office of your wife's psychiatrist."

"My wife's psychiatrist," the Prime Minister gasped, "You mean Dr. Melvin J. Anteater. I went to see him once. Because I felt I wasn't good looking anymore. He made me lie on the couch face down. Have him come to see me right away."

The maid hurrued away.

"Oh, this is terrible," mused the Prime Minister. "I feel awful. First Bing Crosby and now this."

The Prime Minister hurriedly dressed and took a shower. About half an hour later there was a a knock on the door.

"Come in," he said, and not wanting to take any chances, followed it with "Entrez-vous."

Dr. Melvin J. Anteater hurried into the room.

"So Mr. Prime Minister. You want to have a session with me. That's what I call Prime time. But then I was never too brilliant with the spoken word. Come to think of it I was never too brilliant period. What do you think question mark. Do you think we've got problems semi-colon obstacles we have to overcome?" The doctor sat on the couch and lit up his cigar.

"What could these men have been after in your office?", asked the Prime Minister.

"We know what they were after," snapped the doctor. "Men are all alike, they're only after one thing."

"What did my wife tell you that might be used to embarass me? Did she tell you I was a great lover?"

"Yes, she did," answered the doctor. "Told me that too. I'll bet she tells that to everyone she meets."

The Prime Minister looked worried.

"Did she tell you why she went to New York?"

"She mumbled something about it," the doctor answered, "something about gathering moss. Don't worry. This is not a tough grapefruit to crack. Now, how does a priest talk? On his knees. How do you talk? On the phone. See you're saving your knees. Now that same common sense should tell you that there's only one way to solve this problem—Admit that the RCMP are all a bunch of crooks and take your business elsewhere."

The doctor excused himself and left.

The Prime Minister said, "There's no excuse for you," and laughted at his little joke. He picked up the phone and called the head of the RCMP.

"Hellow, I'd like to talk to the man in charge," he told the girl on the end of the phone.

"Oui monsieur," she replied and continued, "si senor, ja mein herr, da camrad," and "you betcha."

The phone clicked, then, "R.C.M. Porter here."

"Hello, this is the Prime Minister calling. I'd like to talk to you about the break-in of my wife's psychiatrists' office last night."

"Oh, I'm sorry sir. That's not my department. I'll transfer your call."

There was a series of clicks and buzzes and another voice came onto the line.

"Hi, this is another voice. Can I help you?"

"This is the Prime Minister. I'd like to talk to you about a break-in."

"Oh, I'm sorry sir. That's not my department. I'll transfer you."

More clicks. Another voice.

"Hello, can Ihelp you?"

By this time the Prime Minister was furious.

"This is the Prime Minister. Stick it in your ear," he screamed.

"That's not my department, but I'll..."

The Prime Minister hung up. Just then an aide ran in.

"Hello aide," he said.

"I hate to give you this bad news sir, but the Canadian dollar has dropped to an all time low. It's now worth 29 cents American." Another aide ran in.

"Mr. Prime Minister. The Alaska Pipeline has exploded and ruined Moosejaw."

Another aide.

"Mr. Prime Minister. They're setting up barbed wire around Quebec."

Another aide.

"The Provincial Premiers are threatening to strike."

"Stop," yelled the Prime Minister. "Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop."

All of a sudden the aides disappeared into thin air. The Prime Minister was no longer in the living room of his home. He was back in bed. He looked at his clock. It was ringing. Right on time at seven o'clock. He turned it off.

"My what a terrible dream," he thought to himself.

Just then the maid ran into his room yelling something about seven members of the RCMP being arrested.

The Prime Minister popped a sleeping pill into his mouth and said, "Wake me when it's over." He turned his back on her and went back to sleep.

trance. He was looking out across the grass of the school-yard to where Virginia sat talking with her current boy-friend, but Byron did not see the boy-friend, he only saw her sitting in the middle of the lush green field resplendent as the sun centering the perfectly blue spking sky. Ah, yes, yes, he thought, as he watched her from his isolated hiding place. He knew that she was for him and that it was only a matter of time before she realized it too. There was no doubt about it at all in his mind and that is why it was so wonderful. They would be a symbol for mankind and their happiness would foreshadow that which was to come for the rest of the world. The great garden of goodness was to come again. Umm, what utter maddening joy he felt as he looked out upon the perfect presence of the forgotten female of long ago. His mind drifted on and on...

Then suddenly out of nowhere, his father and the secretary seemed to appear in the pristine scene before him. They turned and looked around and, as they did, Byron pondered the significance of this apparation. His mind in flight as it was, he did not recognize the secretary and he thought that she was his departed mother who he hardly remembered but sorely missed. What could more compliment his vision of Virginia than the reunion of his parents? His thoughts drifted on further and further into memory and delight as he slipped into sub-consciousness with the scene before him easing timelessly into his mind.

He startled back to consciousness with the ringing of the one o'clock buzzer. He looked out the window to find that Virginia had left. The field seemed barren although numerous students were crossing it to enter the school. Then, remembering his father, he lept up and ran out of the still empty room to the office where he found the secretary.

"Byron!" she exclaimed as he burst into the office. "Where have you been?"

He stared at her curiously for a long moment. It seemed to him that he had seen her a short time before, but he did not know where. Then his mind, ever active, quickly refocused on his father.

"Have you seen him?" he demanded suddenly.

"Who?" she asked stupidly, seeming hypnotized by his strange stare.

"My father," he pleaded almost hysterically.

"Oh...Oh, yes," she said quietly, hesitantly, finally breaking out of the nether world of his fiery eyes. "He had to go , Byron. He said he had to get home to start a new book he's excited about. He said you'd understand."

Byron felt hollow standing there in front of the counter where, unbeknownst to him, his father had stood less than an hour before. The urgency, like blood powerfully sucked by a seductive leech, had been drained out of him.

"Byron, are you okay?" the secretary asked.

He managed a small affirmative nod as he left the office. He did not understand why he felt so let down. For a few moments, down in the emotional depths of his being, the thought of his father seemed to trigger more than simple disciple-like adulation for G. Walter Scott Eden. The venom that laced his tangled and troubled thoughts shocked him; they were so strange and unfamiliar. Then the school buzzer sounded again beginning the homeroom attendance period and he realized that he was late. Running back down the corridor to his homeroom, the poisoned emptiness he had briefly experienced left him as he remembered Virginia would be in his first class that afternoon.

Byron got into his homeroom without any difficulty as his homeroom teacher was also late getting there. While the class was waiting for their teacher to arrive and take the attendance the secretary appeared in the doorway at the front of the class with a note for Byron from his father which she had forgotten to give him before. Byron read it while the teacher, who had arrived as the secretary was departing, checked the roll. It was a a typical note from his father, perhaps a little shorter than one of his infrequent letters.

My dearest Byron:

Hoped to see you this noonhour, but couldn't find you. Am sorry. Got in last night and saw Aunt Janet this A.M. We didn't get along as usual. I know she's a good woman, but oh so limited! I trust you don't find her too trying.

Had planned to stay a couple of days, but troubles with A.J. and a splendid new idea that occurred to me on the plane here caused me to see the wisdom of a hasty retreat to my beloved houseboat. I know you can appreciate my need for unentangled freedom. When you become of age, my son, I shll buy you a houseboat so that you too might ply the seven seas in search of the world's wonders. Together we will anchor the great rainbow that will rise from tomorrow's horizon!

Adios Amigo,
Your father, G. Walter Scott Eden.

P.S. I very much envy you living here on the western edge of the New World. How fabulously romantic! Strangely, however, I rather fear these northwestern waters of yours. I don't know why exactly, except that they seem so final with the great ominous Pacific lying endlessly before you. I prefer the placid waters of the old eastern world. But I know I'm missing something here. Perhaps you can explain it to me?

Byron sat pensively in his desk not knowing what to make of his father's P.S. How unusual it was for G. Walter Scott Eden to ask a question, to hint at some interior doubt! But the thought quickly passed as he remembered what his father said about the West in his writings. Compared to G. Walter Scott Eden's books and articles this note Byron held in his hand was absolutely inconsequential. The West was the New World and the New World was the Promised Land. The West provided mankind with a pathway on which he could return to purity and peace of mind. The West, Byron had repeatedly read, was a place where dreams come true. Indeed it was, for here on the Pacific coast, the continent's lookout to the hope beyond, he had found Virginia. Only the night before he had walked down by the beach in the area of her home, as had become his habit, in expectation of her fated flight into his arms. He would be there again tonight. The thought warmed and inspired him. He recalled the most beautiful words he had ever read, a sentence from a story his father had written: "The West," his captive mind recited, "is like a beautiful young maiden, virgin and new and full of promise." He remembered how delighted he had been when he had discovered that story, especially that one particular sentence, at the age of eight. That sentence had been an integral part of his mental make-up ever since then. It had taken the place of something that had previously been missing in him. He was hearing the sentence echo happily in his mind, sensing the delight it still gave him—only he was sure his delight was far more mature now—, when the school buzzer sounded again.

During the short break between the homeroom period and the first afternoon class Byron went to his locker to get the appropriate books for the afternoon. He needed his world history and chemistry text books. Generally he was a poor student thought to be lacking in concentration. His attention span was better able to tolerate history than most subjects, however, despite the dullness he felt implicit in his teacher and the text, because he believed he and his father were playing a yet unrecognized special part in it. In fact, it was the only course he always looked forward to. Virginia and history went together and caused that ever-anticipated cosmic convergence in his mind; history was the only class he shared with her. She was in his mind now. He thought of seeing her again shortly as he rummaged for his books. The guy who had the locker next to his, a goofy garrulous jock, was also getting his books during the break.

"Hey, did you hear the news?" he asked Byron in an excited conspiratorial whisper.

"What?" Byron asked vaguely, lost in the fantastic fantasy of his thoughts, still idly searching for his notebooks.

"Virginia Newman got knocked up."

"What!" Byron said in a barely audible voice, not believing what he'd heard. He was absolutely stunned.

"Yeah," the bright-eyed jock assured him, taking a devilish delight in his information.

Byron could not believe it. You only read about such things; they didn't really happen—not like this anyway. No, it wasn't possible.

"She's leaving school," the jock continued. "She's going to get married."

Byron felt numb. He seemed to freeze in his crouched position at the base of his open locker. His history text was in a heap before him, open to a picture of Oswald Spengler, but he did not notice it. Then the buzzer indicating the commencement of the first afternoon class sounded. For some reason he was beginning to hate that infernal noise.

"You'd better hustle," the jock said as he left.

Byron grabbed a notebook without checking for which course it was for and slammed his locker door shut. He caught up to the jock.

"Who's she marrying?" he asked in a quiet intense fashion.

The jock gave him a condescending look. "Adam Gardner," he declared in a manner that indicated any dumby would have known that. Gardner was Virgina's current boyfriend. Byron did not know anything about him except that he was older, a comparative newcomer to the school and quite a wiz with the girls.

Virginia was not in history and Byron felt the emptiness about her desk inside himself. It was awful not having her there to look at. The fruition of his dream which had seemed so close to attainment such a short while ago had vanished like the other far less conscious dreams that sometimes tormented him at night. He hated history without Virginia as he hated those other dreams. It was horrible, like the brown and rotting apple-core beneath her desk. He felt like an old hulk beached upon some forbidden shore and he kept seeing the beginnings of a great ocean before him. The P.S. of G. Walter Scott Eden's note touched upon his empty consciousness and began to echo loudly back and forth across his now cavernous mind. Then, as if in unisance, the school buzzer sounded again. History was over. Byron left his books on his desk and went out of the room amidst his classmates with the buzzer still sounding. It had stuck. It was still going several moments later when he left the school. The sound of it receded slowly as he walked, trance-like, to the beach. By the time the Pacific was in sight the buzzer had stopped, but Byron still heard it sounding madly in his mind. He walked on through the park and on down to the beach where there before him like an apparation stood Virginia.

"Hi, Byron. What are you doing down here?" she asked gayly as he approached her, not seeing the confusion and abandonment in his eyes.

"Are you really getting married?" he managed to ask in a constrained almost choking voice.

"Yes," she said with a big maternal smile.

He imagined Adam the second inside her; then Adam the third and the fourth and the fifth. It was a mad impure procession. He suddenly realized she was not unique and he walked by her as though he had not stopped. He walked right on into the cold water and when he could not walk any longer he began to swim. His clothes got heavier and heavier, but he struggled on westward out to sea. At first Virginia laughted, then she began to scream, but Byron did not hear her.

Later that afternoon Byron's Aunt Janet was informed of his death. She was not very surprised. Nor was she much saddened. Instead she felt released from that deep rage in her which only George had been able to bring to the surface. She smiled inwardly when she realized she would never stutter or spit revenge at him again. The curse had been corrected; reality had finally triumphed over the reveries of that wretched romanticism; Genesis had given way to the Gospels. Now at last her sister could rest in peace; the final bond with her husband had been broken. George finally had his full freedom. That ridiculous romantic was no longer responsible for anyone. He had been liberated from the tragic promise Cecelia had gotten him to make. Poor Cecelia, Janet thought. Why she had ever married him she did not know, but she soon found out that he could not be held. Then when she was dying—Janet felt it was more from a broken heart than anything else—she had tried to reform him, tried to get him to care about people a little, by having him promise not to forget Byron, but in the end that only resulted in her son't death too. So, along with George's books and articles which had been the only possessions Byron prized, Janet sent word of the drowning to,

George Eden,
Aboard the houseboat "Utopia",
Hope Town,
Andaman Islands.

By the time George got the letter Byron would be buried safely by his mother's side. Janet had decided, after some thought, that there was no need for his presence at the funeral. After all, he lived in a lost world and there was no reason to disturb him now that Cecelia and her beloved little Christian had been reunited.

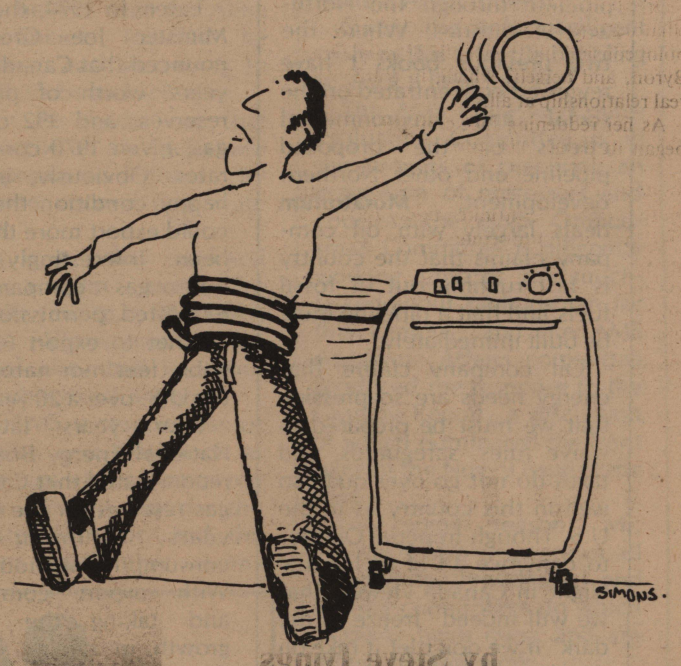
Late April, early May 1975
Revised August 1975, October 1976.

Escape

I have been a prisoner in the castle of your fantasy too long.
My escape is a planned imperative now.
While you sleep, I will tie together your fancy
linen sheets and
hang them from this tower.
I will slip away, a quiet ghost and become
a free woman. No longer your lady
of granite lace, I'll run into the forest and hide.

Do not bother to search. You won't be able to recognize
me anyway. I'll blend into the trees and rub the rich earth
into my skin and lay very still in the green

Trudy Gallant



To A Dishwasher

Sleek, slippery reflections in a metal tube,
a faucet of swollen foam
attached to rubber hoses, and
a nauseous churning tub.

Exclusionist! abuser of comforts lust:
the connected organs pulse
and writhe and conveniently remove
the sentient pleasure of chores.

Impotent I watch as life goes pouring
past, and weep remembering dampened dish-towels
and glasses turned upside-down. But the cycle continues
to agitate, to immasculate, to quell.

Hands behind my back, and numb,
I bear my fardels and steal a glare
as the soapy release disembogues,
the faucet bursts and leaves me wringing wet.

Homogeneous Pulp

Rhythms

In long forgotten photographs
I discovered my father
boxed away
for posterity.
Cold eyes and a cocky, well-oiled smile,
erect for the exposure;
not the man I'd known whose bones
sounded every step of his working life,
and regulated our house like a metronome.

There was a future
here, I thought, remembering how,
before he died,
he said he felt cold,
and I pretended the bedroom window needed
closing,
and he said that it made all the difference.
He smiled then too, I think,
and I felt
his image pulse in the palm of my hand.

Will Garrett-Petts

BOOKS

Federal energy flip-flop: Northern justice?

By BEN WEBB, Martlet Books Editor

Moratorium: Justice, Energy, the North, and the Native People, Hugh and Karmel McCullum and John Olthuis, Anglican Book Centre, pp. 208, $4.95.
(Last of three articles on Northern development)

This book, a little differently from the two books on the North I have reviewed in the past two issues of the **Martlet**, looks at the reasons for building a natural gas pipeline through the Northwest Territories. Where the two previous books I have reviewed concentrated on the social and environmental effects of the proposed pipeline and other Northern development, **Moratorium** deals largely with oil company claims that the country is fast running out of fossil fuels and that a pipeline must be built immediately.

Oil company claims that energy needs are so pressing that we must be prepared to waive rules, safeguards, and taxes do not go over quite so well in this country as in the U.S. Though Imperial Oil tries to convince all of us Hockey Night in Canada viewers that we will indeed "freeze in the dark" if we don't let it take on the "big tough expensive job," the task is rather difficult in a country that is self-sufficient in oil and natural gas, and indeed exports large amounts of both to the U.S.

Moratorium presents a detailed account of the statistical juggling that has gone on in the past 7 years. It points out that the constant flip-flop in federal energy policy has been due to the fact that the National Energy Board has received the bulk of its information from the oil companies themselves. Estimates of oil and gas reserves vary from year to year, ranging from statements that Canadians will be free from energy shortages for the next several centuries to dire warning that frostbite is just around the corner. Assuming that actual fuel reserves do not change much, and that exploration methods are not changed annually, it might seem that the oil companies vary their estimates as it suits their purposes. Such things are not beyond the seven corporations that control the majority of the non-Communist world's oil reserves, to say the least.

In the beginning: Then federal Energy Minister Jean-Luc Pepin declared in 1970: "It would be crazy to sit on it (our oil and gas reserves). In maybe 25 to 50 years we'll be kicking ourselves for not capitalizing on what we had." In other words, export the oil and gas before they're obsolete. The statement came at a time when the oil companies wanted increased exports to south of the border.

Later: In 1971, then Energy Minister Joe Greene announced that Canada had 923 years' worth of proven oil reserves, and 392 of natural gas, given 1970 consumption rates. Obviously, in such a happy condition the country could export more than it had been. Interestingly, at that time gas companies had requested permission of the cabinet to export 6.3 billion cubic feet mor natural gas to the U.S. over a 20 year period.

Four years later: The National Energy Board's 1975 report stated that Canada had gas reserves for the next sixty years, assuming present consumption without exports. With export commitments and taking the expected growth in energy demands, there would be enough for 23 years. This statement came at a time when the gas companies were pressing for the construction for the construction of the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline.

The authors of **Moratorium** maintain that even taking the latest statistics as a guide Canada cannot expect any energy shortage before 2012. Using an excellent set of charts and tables, they show this with only a minimal energy conservation program. Since a pipeline does not take 35 years to build, the authors suggest a moratorium on the Northern pipeline, to give Canadians a chance to assess their energy reserves, explore alternate energy sources, and to meet the wishes of the native population of the North.

A moratorium would allow the government to tackle the problem of native land claims seriously, as well as to assess the impact of a pipeline without being railroaded by the oil and gas companies. This would be an assertion of the country's independence, as well as a recognition of the natives' right to control to their own lives.

Moratorium is well-researched and superior to Hugh and Karmel McCullum's earlier effort, **This Land Is Not For Sale**. However, it is interspersed with an alternate-lifestyle trendiness that often detracts from its forceful message. Besides a slight overdose of left-Christianity in the first chapter, and its armchair attack on the "affluent North American society" that is not concerned that man is a "multidimensional being", the book is weak on solutions to the energy problem. What, after all, does "equitable use of natural resources to enhance total human well being," signify, besides that the authors are well-intentioned.

Despite some vagueness in prescriptions and a verbiage that this reviewer found a little hard to stomach, **Moratorium** is sensible and articulate. Its outlook, one could say safely, would be repugnant only to the PR flacks and lackies who abound in the oil companies.

Roots, branches and twigs

The Immigrants, by Donald Schmidt, Gloria Monteko, Lorimer, pp. 222, 12.95, hardback.

About 90 per cent of Canada's immigrants suffer a lot of hardships when they first come here, but eventually things work out, and they find themselves "at home" in this country.

What I just said in one sentence, Gloria Montero says in 222 pages in **The Immigrants**. Which brings me to my basic point about this book: it is too repetitive, and very boring. That isn't to say that parts of it aren't interesting; if it were illustrated, it would probably make a very nice coffee table book. Unfortunately, however, it has no pictures, and if you plan to read some cold winter evening, you'd probably be better off going straight to bed.

The book is a collection of anecdotes and personal narratives (ranging from a few lines to half a dozen pages in length), all told in warm, honest language by the people involved. Some of the stories are light-hearted, like the one about Odilio, who couldn't speak English, and had to squawk like a chicken to let a farmer know that he wanted some eggs.

Others are tragic, such as the story of Angela, who left her husband and children in Guatemala so she could come here and earn some money for them, and ended up being forced into bed with her boss, in exchange for him renewing her work permit. However, no matter what the stories are like, I can only read so much of this before I start thinking about what I'm missing on television.

The author herself is an immigrant of Spanish origin, who came here from Australia to become a writer and film-maker in Toronto. In the Preface, she states that the book is designed to give the "other side of the story" about immigrants.

None of the "characters" are identified **directly** by ethnic origin because, Montero feels, many of the problems they suffer are the same as those suffered by Indians, Inuit, and mothers on welfare

Each section is the same as the next one: a bunch of stories of what it is like to be an immigrant in this country. I really think the point could just as well have been made in a quaint, little, two-page article in **Weekend** magazine.

Maybe I just have a nasty bias about books dealing with "foreigners" but I doubt it. I just don't like to read the same thing over and over a hundred times.

I can assure you that I won't be giving this "truly Canadian" version of **Roots** to anyone for Christmas -- I don't have too many "ethnic" friends as it is.

NORML

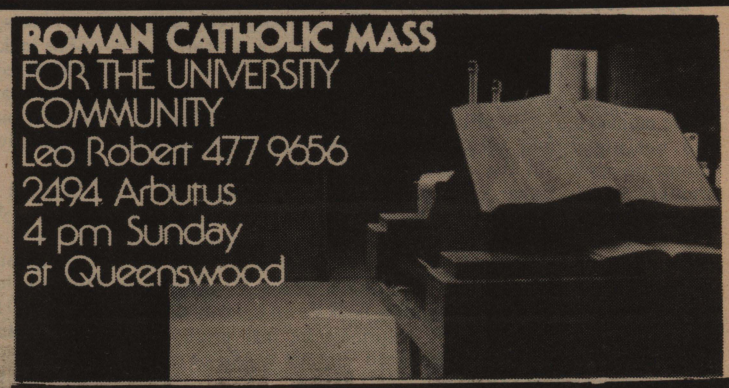
...from 4

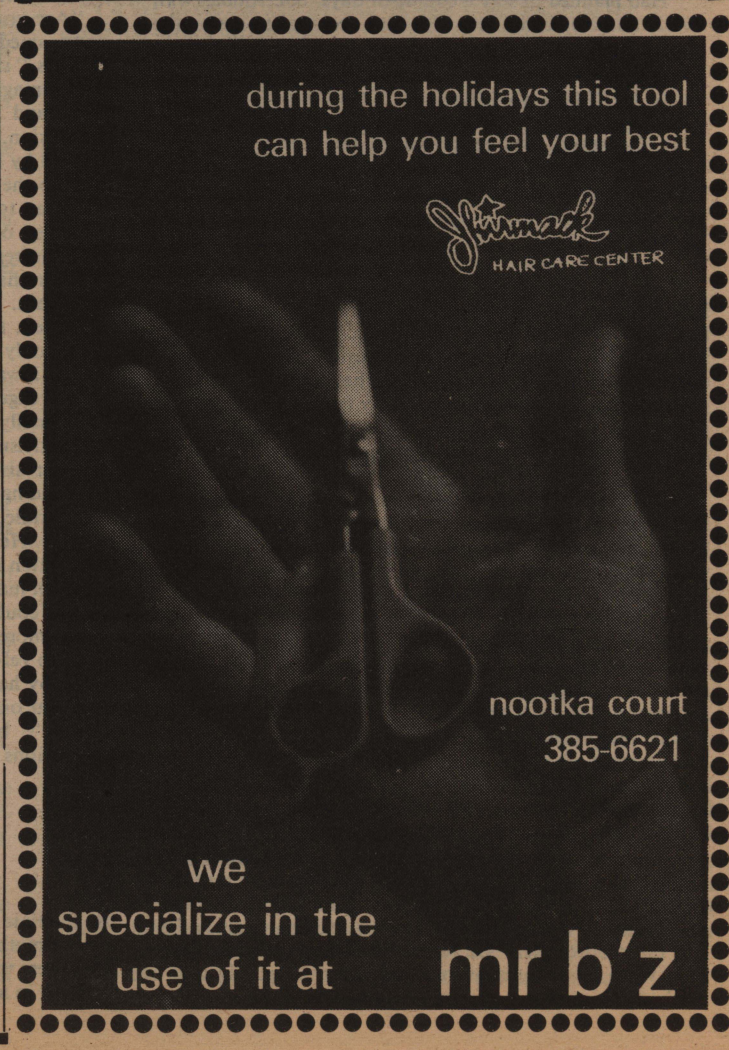
1,258 went to jail for life last year as a result of these laws.

Not satisfied with the Prime Minister's response, Baker said he contacted a member of parliament and asked the same question. According to the MP, he said, "There's not enough complaining on the part of the public to warrant a new consideration of existing laws."

Baker's advice: start complaining. "Everyone should write their members of parliament and tell them how **they** feel, he said.

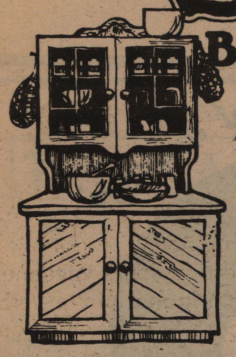
Baker stressed to his listeners that the aim of NORML Canada is merely the "decriminalization" of cannibis laws and not the legalization of the substance.





Swaan

Bulk Natural Foods



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LETTERS

Witzel witless

The **Martlet** reached its all-time low with "The Amorphous blob of politics" on page 23 of the November 24 issue. The article is written by Morgen Witzel, supposedly of the "**Martlet** Staff".

I say "supposedly" because I find it hard to believe that anyone connected, however remotely, with the student newspaper, could be as abysmally ignorant as Mr. Witzel.

At the beginning of the article he states "I have not the faintest clue as to how campus politics work," and then proceeds with a 350 word tirade.

When I finished reading this tirade, I was forced to agree: he really doesn't have the faintest clue.

Mr. Witzel's outrageous rantings throughout the article clearly indicate not only that he does not understand the first thing about politics at UVic, but also that he has made absolutely no effort to remedy this situation.

Once in a while, one reads letters in the **Martlet** from students with a very poor understanding of the campus. This is not surprising since on a university campus, like in all other areas of society, there are many people who are oblivious to the world around them.

What is really surprising, however, is that Ken Simons, the **Martlet** editor, did not print Mr. Witzel's childish outburst as a letter, but rather as a legitimate article.

The article as a whole is a lot of worthless whining, but a few of the glaring errors made by Mr. Witzel should be corrected.

For instance, he seems to feel cheated because he was led to believe that the Alma Mater Society, to which he paid fees, had something to do with clubs and activities.

Then he found out that "Any activities and clubs I see are promoted either by residence council or private groups."

This is a rather confused view, as I'm sure most students realize, and indeed as Mr. Witzel would have realized also, had he taken the trouble to ask anyone.

The AMS is responsible for numerous activities, such as the dances and concerts put on by Liborio Nanni, the Activities Director, and the speakers and other events brought to campus by Steve Smith, Academic Programming Director.

Mr. Witzel is partially correct in that clubs are organized by individual students and groups of students, but he should realize that every club gets funding from the AMS.

And as a member of the residence community, he should realize that the residence councils also get funding from the AMS.

Mr. Witzel further shows a surprising lack of knowledge when he says of committees: "If any of them have done anything but fight in a miniature version of the RA itself, I've yet to see it."

Surely the only intelligent reply to this infantile babbling is "Look a little harder."

The AMS Professor/Course Evaluation Committee is in the process of preparing an evaluation of professors and courses; the AMS Ombudsman Committee is diligently working towards the much-talked-about ombudsman for this campus; and the AMS Academic Affairs committee produced the response to the Grading Report, a discussion of which dominated the front page of the Nov. 9 issue of the Ring.

For some reason, Mr. Witzel is also unaware of all the Senate, Presidential and Faculty committees on which students have done and are doing valuable work.

For example: the Teaching and Learning committee, the Campus Planning Committee and the Arts and Science Liaison committee.

In his most outlandish statement, Mr. Witzel says the members of the RA "claim to control the **Martlet**." I have never heard such a claim before.

I can only surmise that Mr. Witzel must either have an extremely active imagination or be very heavily into drug abuse. (Apologies to N. Sidor).

Mr. Witzel also conveys his silliness when he complains that he has paid $42 for a library card. Like student unions at most other universities and colleges, the AMS provides an identification card to students. This card allows the student into numerous AMS functions, as well as the library, and is paid for by student dues.

Of the $42 a student pays in AMS fees, $1.03 is for his/her card. If Mr. Witzel could bring himself to take a look at a budget, he could see where the rest of the fees go.

Mr. Witzel states in the latter part of his article, "Oh, and I still don't know for certain what the Senate and Board of Governors are."

I suggest that before Mr. Witzel tries his hand at any more "investigative reporting," he get himself a copy of the **Universities Act** (1974), available at the Queen's Printer on Superior Street.

This handy **Act** will explain to Mr. Witzel that the Senate

(continued on page 22)

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ENTERTAINMENT

Fortune and Men's Eyes:

Power in prison drama

By ROBERT WARREN, Martlet Staff

Prospective criminals be forewarned—life in prison will be a long way from promising. Bastion Theatre's presentation of **Fortune and Men's Eyes**, playing here until December 3, shows this.

Writer John Herbert based the play on experiences during, in his words, his "piss n' vinegar" years. When it first opened in Toronto seven years ago, the show was hailed as a rare and personal glimpse into the struggles within a brutal and inhuman system. It still is. Under the direction of Ronal Ulrich, Bastion got as close as they could to the essence of Herbert's scripting, going out to Wilkinson Road Prison to absorb the atmosphere necessary for the play. Their foray was obviously not in vain; the show reflects a clear merge with reality.

Rocky, as portrayed by Terence Durrant, was one of the stronger characters in **Fortune**. His character was extremely well-defined, with the double characteristics of cruelty and weakness effectively portrayed. Wally Michaels as Queenie was undoubtedly the prize member of the cast. The responses he elicited from the audience were powerful—be they absoluted hatred or hilarity—showing his versatility.

Brian Tremblay, on the other hand, was indifferent. Playing the sensitive and often-abused Mona, he substituted a tentative and one-dimensional character for the real thing. As a consequence, the final minutes of the play, where a firm grip on his character is needed, suffer notably. Stephen Lloyd as Smitty started weak but eventually regained his place in the play and pulled off an adequate performance. A surprise was R. Leroy Shulz as the guard. He was not the stereotype expected or demonstrated elsewhere. Instead, a subtle warmth lightened what is often a heavy role.

Billed as "a shocking expose of prison life," **Fortune and Men's Eyes** remains factual and relevant, according to a former B.C. Pen official, who wishes to remain anonymous, in attendance at Thursday's premiere. The system of control through dominance by stronger inmates, who maintain their positions through physical coercion, is accurate to a point, he said. The issue of homosexuality was, in his opinion, overdone, but "that's theatre".

"I suppose that they have license to do that."

He stated that many prisoners manage very well in escaping the sort of pecking order illustrated in the play, and that a majority manage to lead peaceful and autonomous lives behind bars.

Fortune and Men's Eyes will be showing at the Bastion Theatre until Sunday, December 3. Tickets are $3.50 and $4.00.

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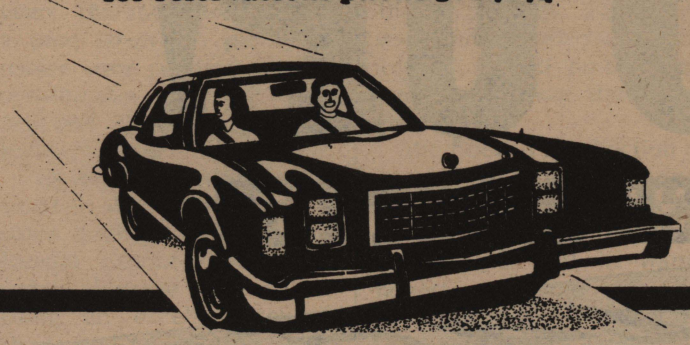

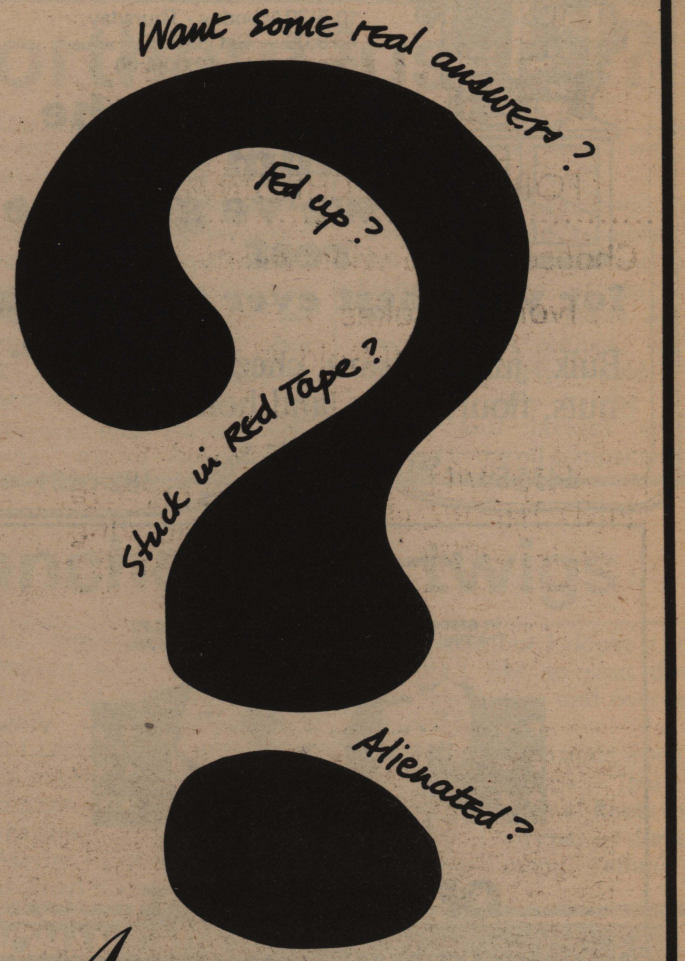

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Skin shows show sickness

By BERNARD FONG, Martlet Staff

No nubile nymph pirouettes across the dimly lit stage with translucent silk gown fluttering and whirling to her sinuous movement as the band plays Swan Lake with a modern twist. No Rite of Spring in the nude. No Josephine Baker to enthrall the audience with her sensual charm. Yes, the aura of sexual sophistication has died and will never again be revived.

Disrobing mechanically before boisterous men and lecherous drunks, oblivious to their hollers and occasional rude remarks, an erotic dancer betrays no emotion as she flexes the tallow of her arse and shakes her breasts, for the odium of the mob is just one of those unpleasant demands of her job. No matter how lewd her exhibition could become, no matter how obnoxious the crowd could get, strip tease, will all its vulgar routines and sordid displays, is still far better than hustling on some street corner, risking chance encounters with vice squad undercover agents posing as prospective clients, or sex deviants craving sadistic diversions. Free from the constant hassle of parasitic pimps and the whims and wrath of customers, a strip tease dancer need not worry about the abrasive edges of a lurid city night life.

For the cheap price of a draft beer a man may have all the titillating thrill he needs. In the old days erotic dancing used to be the exclusive monopoly of cabarets and night clubs, but, ever since the relaxation of liquor laws in this province where once beer loving amiable men and women were condemned to enjoy their brew in the dark dungeons known as beer parlours, nude entertainment is now popularised; much to the chagrin of puritan, God-fearing citizens everywhere.

In this liberal age, when many old taboos and dogmas are challenged and defeated, mass nudity and other manifestations of public "debauchery" are no longer the privilege of the leisure class but are, instead, the democratic right of every man and woman. Indeed Thorstein Veblen's theory of conspicuous consumption of the upper class has to be revised; for today the vulgar masses have gained the once-forbidden passage to Erotica, and with it the other amenities of the good life as well.

Of course, the changing public morality, the evolving social taste and etiquette, the pervasive permissiveness, not to say promiscuity, amongst the middle and lower classes are not just symptoms but are also reflections of a society obsessed with sex. Let's reserve judgment. Let's forget for a moment what Sigmund Freud said about the necessity of sexual repression in civilisation. The truth is simply that sex is not only a national preoccupation, but is, furthermore, a commodity sold, traded, and bartered on the human meat market.

Politicians, church leaders, pornographic printers and peddlers, pimps, prostitutes, educators, advertising agencies are all of the same faith (with slight moderations) insofar as every one of them has something tangible to gain from the cheap commercialization of sex.

Many politician's careers are made or ruined with either the support or opposition of contesting interest groups. In the United States, with controversial issues on sexploitation widespread, the fury and the fervor spent over this age old debate never seem to abate.

In Canada, more so than in the United States, the attitude toward prostitution and pornography is one of silent tolerance with occasional murmurs of disapproval and amusement. Once in a while, however, when the political forum is deprived of any serious agenda, or when the public seems lethargic, sex then becomes an expedient, sometimes vicious, topic of discussion and action. Former Mayor of Surrey Ed McKitka was one of those who joined the opportunists' crusade against visual pornography in that municipality. Vancouver incumbent Mayor Jack Volrich, not to be left behind by other conscientious politicians, has vowed solemnly to ban the sales of child pornography. Toronto, long recognised as the pornography centre of the country, has gone quite a spectacular distance in fumigating notorious Yonge Street massage parlours, homosexual and heterosexual prostitution, and hard-core sex shops, all of which used to operate and proliferate with impunity. With the advent of mass sexploitation, harsh has become the strength of reaction.

Much of the clamor against pornography, especially that of the fundamentalist fanatics, is religious neurosis gone bizarre.

The effect of prurient publications and nudity on their avid readers and viewers has never been exactly determined, or really examined. Some say sex tabloids and movies, with all their fantasies, are the best conduit for suppressed sexual impulses. Others deplore them for leading innocent ones astray. So far there is no consensus, even amongst the sociologists and psychiatrists, as to the consequences of extensive exposure to pornography.

According to the Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, an American public information agency working under the auspices of the American Secretariat of education and researching popular attitudes towards sex, a survey of a random sampling of the American male population has indicated that some eighty-five per cent of American men have had constant exposure to "photographic depiction" of sexual intercourse, and nearly ninety per cent of the male adults questioned admit to have seen photos of nude women within the last month. The figure is slightly lower for women asked, yet, nevertheless, over three quarters of the female subjects interviewed have seen pictures of genitals in either movies or magazines. Of the men and women surveyed, half claim they are not excited by pornography. But research suggests the opposite, claiming that most of the subjects of either sex are stimulated by graphic sexual depiction—the dilations of their eyes during special audio testing betrays them. Advertising companies, realizing this, have frequently

(continued on page 19)

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to the sounds of
the Paul Mascioli Big Band
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Royal Oak Inn
Thursday, Dec 1st
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C'mon out and do it...
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Tickets: $2.50 advance, $3.50 "at the door"
Available at: Royal Oak Inn; Pamus Music
Nelson's Music
a production of
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ENTERTAINMENT

Bim and the Hometown Band:

Good taste in earth music

By BRENT HENRY, Martlet Staff

Monday night's Royal Theatre concert with the **Hometown Band** and their guest Bim opened my eyes to some impressive young Canadian talent. First there was Bim; ambling out in rolled jeans and plaid shirt, looking every bit from Dawson Creek, he proved that he is indeed a pure entertainer.

Bim possesses a personality that controls an audience. His casual sense of humor regularly gets them laughing as much as they applaud. On Monday night, vibrant and mobile as usual, he presented the audience with an inventive lyrical and musical display. Lyrics ranged from tales of farmers' lives to a humorous tear-jerker about how his girlfriend left him for bowling (a malapropism the audience readily translated) to a rockish arrangement about a barmaid named Miss Avon, through to audience participation with songs like **Doe River** and **Ah You Look So Blue**. Unlike many folk artists, his lyrical variety was complemented and surpassed by his variety in music composition.

Presenting beautiful songs, instant rapport, a mock nervousness, and a sense of humor typified by his closing remark: "...one day you're born and you have an ego"...he entertained superbly and returned for a deserved encore.

The second half featured the **Hometown Band** in a convincing display of their versatility. From ballads to energetic rock, from varied instrumentals to fine vocals, this band provided a tight driving force throughout the evening.

Although, admittedly she sings like a bird and presents herself admirably as a stage personality, lead singer Shari Ulrich seems lost compared to Bim's easier frankness.

The band was amazingly tight through a variety of textures. Instrumentals included one to three flutes, saxes, dulcimers, electric guitar, violin, synthesizer, and keyboards. Lead vocals were shared between Shari Ulrich and drummer Geoff Eyre, whose voice provided a fine contrast; occasionally there were also harmonies divided into as many as four voices.

With a rock instrumental version of a popular east coast folk tune, the band opened sounding convincingly at ease. They moved on to **Mad Larry**, with a fine sax solo by Claire Lawrence. **What Would I Ever Do?** was composed by guitarist Ed Patterson, a recent addition to the group. Drummer Jeff Eyre sang a lovely song in **Half Past Me**, and his composing talents along with those of Doug Edwards were displayed in what I considered the finest tune of the evening, **Beautiful Dreamer**. The band again demonstrated its versatility in an energetic, driving tune that was unique in shifting through rhythms and tempos. The evening concluded with Hometown standards **I'm Ready** and **Flying**.

Occasionally the odd song was backed up by one of similar rhythmic setting. This somewhat deflated the element of variety; further, in many songs it seemed that the band had stuck with a habit of alternating soft and slow verses with louder choruses. Shari Ulrich could do well, on another point, in rehearsing a few spacers and fillers to plug between numbers. Behind that babyish smile she seemed to be at a loss in dealing with the audience.

I have to admit that the blemishes were incidental and minor. An intimate backup entertainer led up to a fresh and exciting Canadian band, with an over-all presentation of some of the most generally appealing and exciting entertainment seen in Victoria for quite a while.

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VICTORIA
Designers & Importers

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(16.00) and wicker lamp shades
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Joseph Andrews
Starring Ann-Margret and Peter Firth.
Showtimes:
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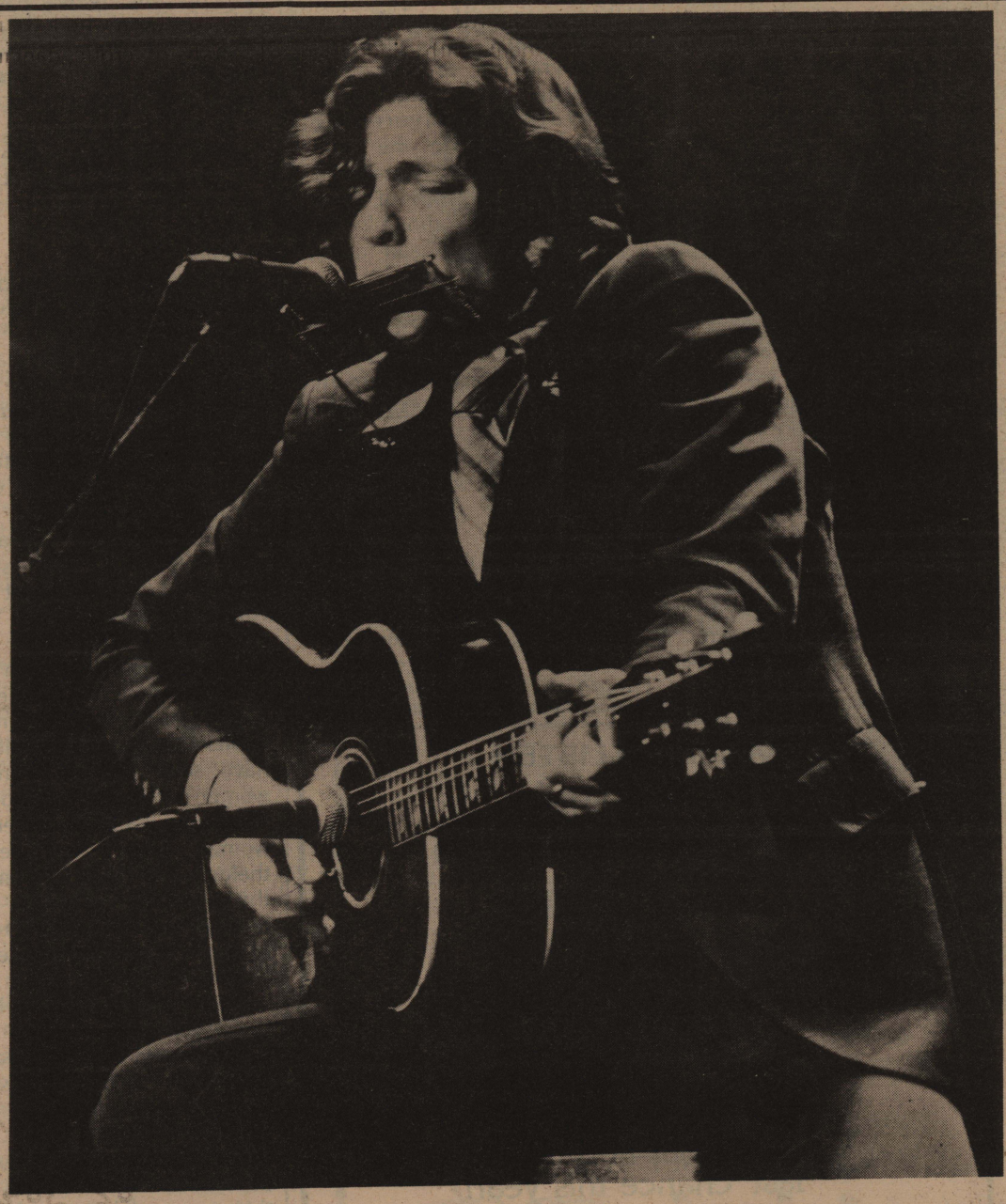
BROAD AT BROUGHTON 383-3434
MATURE
Warning:
Some nudity and
suggestive scenes.
B.C. Director..



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Nightly 7-9.00

Warning: Occasional suggestive scenes & dialogue. B.C. Dir.

ENTERTAINMENT

STRIPTEASE

...from 17

and unethically used subliminal tactics in their commercials.

No one has yet made a connection between visual and verbal pornography, although somewhere there has to be a coterminous relation between the two. Certainly both media seek to stimulate sexual instincts. Most pornography readers, according to the Commission on Obscenity, do in fact watch strip tease and other erotic performances. But, paradoxically, most consumers tend to relish verbal pornography above its visual counterpart—perhaps because **Oui** and **Playboy** could be read in the privacy of home whereas erotic dancing is strictly a social diversion shared amongst others simultaneously.

Dancing is one of the most scintillating of human expressions, especially so when it is done with utmost intensity and poignancy. Ballet, for instance, is the epitome of visual arts. Native dances are manifestations of a living culture for each and every society has learned to revel in its myths and messages through tribal rituals refined into festive dances in which the communion between man and nature is made.

Erotic dancing, though paltry in comparison to the pristine forms of dancing, need not be trash. It, too, could be magnificent; for the human flesh is a beautiful body of symmetry, always critically sensual, no matter how much it is debased. In the Weimar Republic of the twenties and thirties, nude dancing had attained an unprecedented zenith as large theatres and producers of Berlin's cultural czars sought to create the artistic milieu in which eroticism as art could burgeon and progress—the success and the grandeur were as immense as they were ephemeral. The Parisian artists, in order not to be overshadowed by their traditional adversaries, strove to enhance the quality of erotic dances by writing scripts for the benefit of the erotic cult. In recent times Hair and O Calcutta!, and other so-called underground subculture plays, have tried to masquerade sex as art to no avail.

The majority of those who have come to see erotic dances do not find the act lascivious or even stimulating. For most,the pub is just a place to waste time, get drunk, and meet friends. Dancing is added attraction and decor—nothing really to rave about.

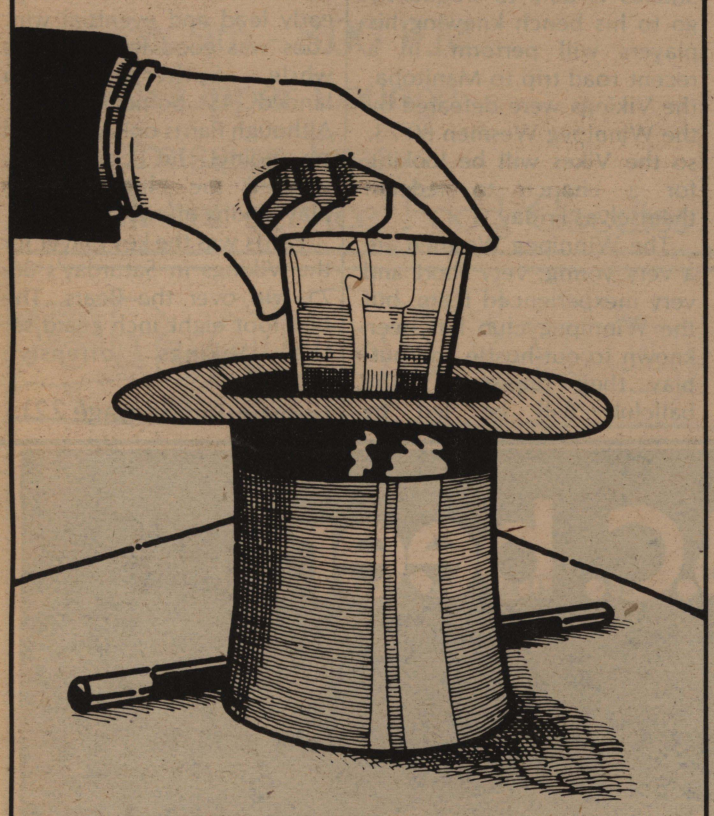
With the addition of erotic entertainment to the once dull, restrictive atmosphere of local beer parlors, pub business has not increased substantially. Hotel operators had to raise draft prices last year to keep pace with dancer's salaries which may range from $1000 to $1200 a month. Some establishments have reverted back to live music entertainment after an experiment with nude dancing and, surprisingly, with no discernible decrease of profit. Many liquor establishments feature nude dancing, not out of will, but of competitiveness, for patron loyalty is never secure. If one enterprise has a new gimmick, another must emulate—it is the law of the business.

Erotic dancing, a visual pornography popularized beyond limits, has degenerated. Most of the girls hired to perform in sleazy bars are not only untalented and have no notion at all about the finesse of sublime seduction; worst of all, only a few have appealing figures. Some are too thin; others too voluptuous. Most cannot dance; a few walk around the stage naked to the chill; a handful may do a little bit of calisthenics in the nude. In the San Francisco Bay area, the capital of eroticism in the west, a special entourage of silicone injected breast freaks with astronomical "heavenly" measurements, former trapeze acrobats, and homosexual transvestites have been employed by night clubs to buttress the monotonous routines of ordinary strip tease dancers—and above all to add a touch of absurdity to a lurid phenomenon.

Church leaders may deplore and denounce, politicians may shout slogans and mutter moral statements, but visual pornography with all its manifold facets will never disappear as long as there is a segment of the public willing to support agents and distributors.

For those who have made a study of erotic dancing and have, through interest and curiosity, seen it all, there is nothing worth savoring. Indeed the beer tastes better without the sorry sight of some young girl degrading herself for a pitiful sum of money.

A trick shot



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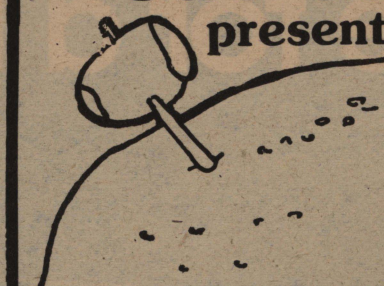
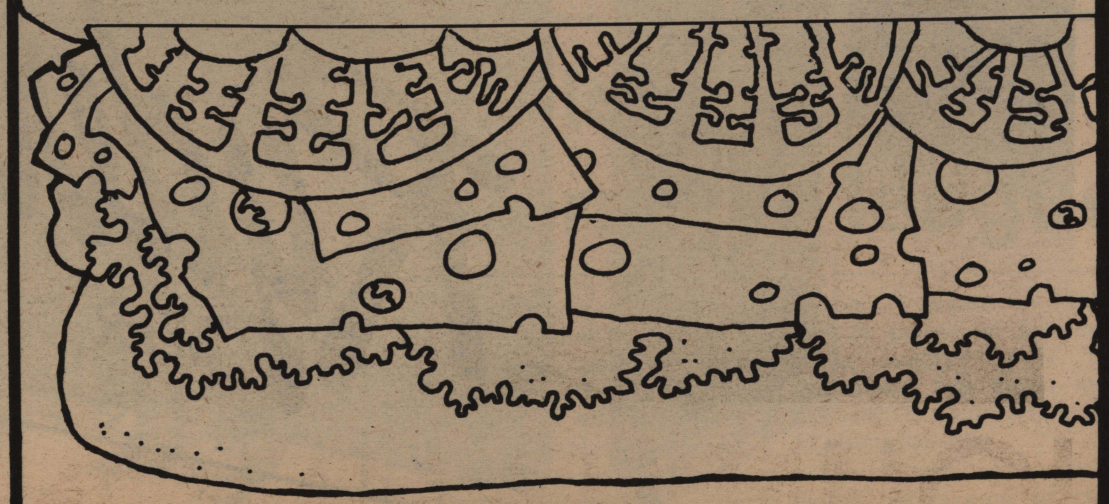


12:30 - 1:30
Dec. 5, 6-7
Sub Lower Lounge

'THE PHOENIX'



Have a bite and enjoy a free play.

SPORTS AND RECREATION

Top notch teams enter Pacific Rim Classic

By PENNY FRENO-LINK, Martlet Sports Editor

The first major intercollegiate basketball tournament to be staged in western Canada will take place at the University of Victoria, Dec. 2, 3, and 4.

The Pacific Rim classic will feature Canada's top ranked competitors as well as two of the top teams from the U.S. Pacific Northwest. The exhibition tournament should rival such classics as the Golden Boy in Winnipeg and the Naismith Classic in Windsor, according to organizer Ken Shields.

In the opening game of the three day tourney, the University of Calgary Dinosaurs are slated to meet Oregon College of Education in the McKinnon gym at 1:30 p.m.

The Dinosaurs, currently rated number eight in intercollegiate rankings in Canada, are a powerful club. In pre season play the Dinosaurs did not lose an exhibition game and won both the Tri-U classic and Dino-Bear Classic. The Calgary ballclub's inconsistent guard play proved to be a problem for the squad against the University of Victoria Vikings two weekends ago and may pose problems for them against the Oregon College Wolves. The Wolves boast a well balanced team with strong offense and powerful rebounding qualities in 6 foot 6 inch center forward Kipp Archambault and second team all-conference performer John Anderson.

In game two St. Martin's Saints will go against the number one team in Canada, the Manitoba Bisons.

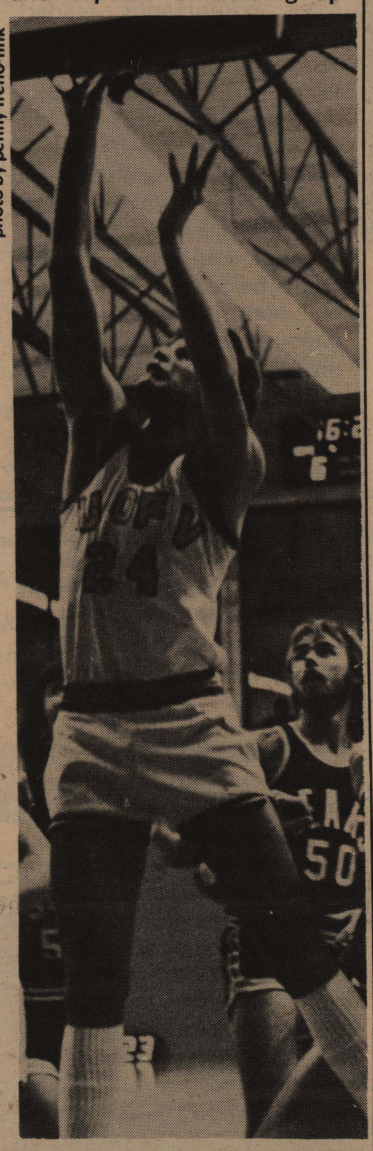
The Bisons, undefeated in pre-season play, have the best basketball player in the nation, according to The Starting Line-up. Martin Riley, a Canadian national team member who scored 34 points in a 93-83 exhibition win over the Vikings in Manitoba will lead the Bison attack. Last year Riley was the Mike Moser Memorial Trophy recipient and received Manitoba's Male Athlete of the Year award. This year he has been nominated for the Sports Federation of Canada Male Athlete of the Year honours. The highly skilled Bisons have a starting line-up stacked with tall boys in 7 foot Cliff Bell, 6 foot 8 inch Grant Watson and John Tayor and 6 foot 9 inch Dan Snidal. The Starting Line-up described the Bisons as an awfully good team with no weaknesses and strength in the backcourt and front line.

The Saints, from Lacey, Washington, are stacked in height, packed with an impressive list of basketball personalities, and coached by Dick Kauffman, 1976-77 coach of the year in District number one of the N.I.A. The hustle and fast break play of the Saints matched against the skills of the Bisons should provide spectators and opportunity to see high calibre basketball.

The three British Columbia teams competing in the classic are scheduled to play Friday evening. Data Tech is matched up against the University of British Columbia while the Vikings will take on the University of Winnipeg Wesmen.

Data Tech, Victoria's senior A team, is an experienced club, aggressive on the boards and capable of holding up against the younger legs of their competitors. The club has bench strength and will provide stiff competition for the Thunderbirds.

photo by penny freno-link



The Thunderbirds lost 6 foot 11 inch Mike McKay and 6 foot 8 inch Jan Bohn, the core of their front line and are in the process of rebuilding their club. The strength on the boards is gone, but the Thunderbirds will not be pushed over as the Vikings discovered when the club split the opening weekend of Canada West play with their traditional rivals.

The Vikings solid defeat over the University of Alberta Golden Bears last weekend places the club in the number one position in the Canada West league and in a comfortable situation for the classic.

The Vikings are loaded with talent in Billy Loos, a newcomer from St. Mary's University, 6 foot 8 inch centre forward Reni Dolcetti, veterans Ian Hyde-Lay, Robbie Parris and Chris Hebb. In addition to the strength of the starting five, coach Ken Shields is able to frequently go to his bench knowing his players will perform. In a recent road trip to Manitoba, the Vikings were defeated by the Winnipeg Wesmen 80-73, so the Vikes will be looking for a chance to redeem themselves Friday.

The Winnipeg Wesmen are a very young, very short and very inexperienced team, but the Winnipeg club has been known to out-hustle and outplay their opponents. The ballclub will be led by national junior team member Ken Opalko and guard Dan Kinaschuk.

The semi-finals are scheduled for Saturday with the consolation and championship contests slated for 1:30 p.m. and 3:30 p.m. Sunday.

Tickets are $1 for students and $2 for adults for two games. Tournament passes may be obtained for $7.

Vikes geared up

Two convincing victories over the University of Alberta Golden Bears moved the University of Victoria Vikings into first place in Canada West standings last weekend.

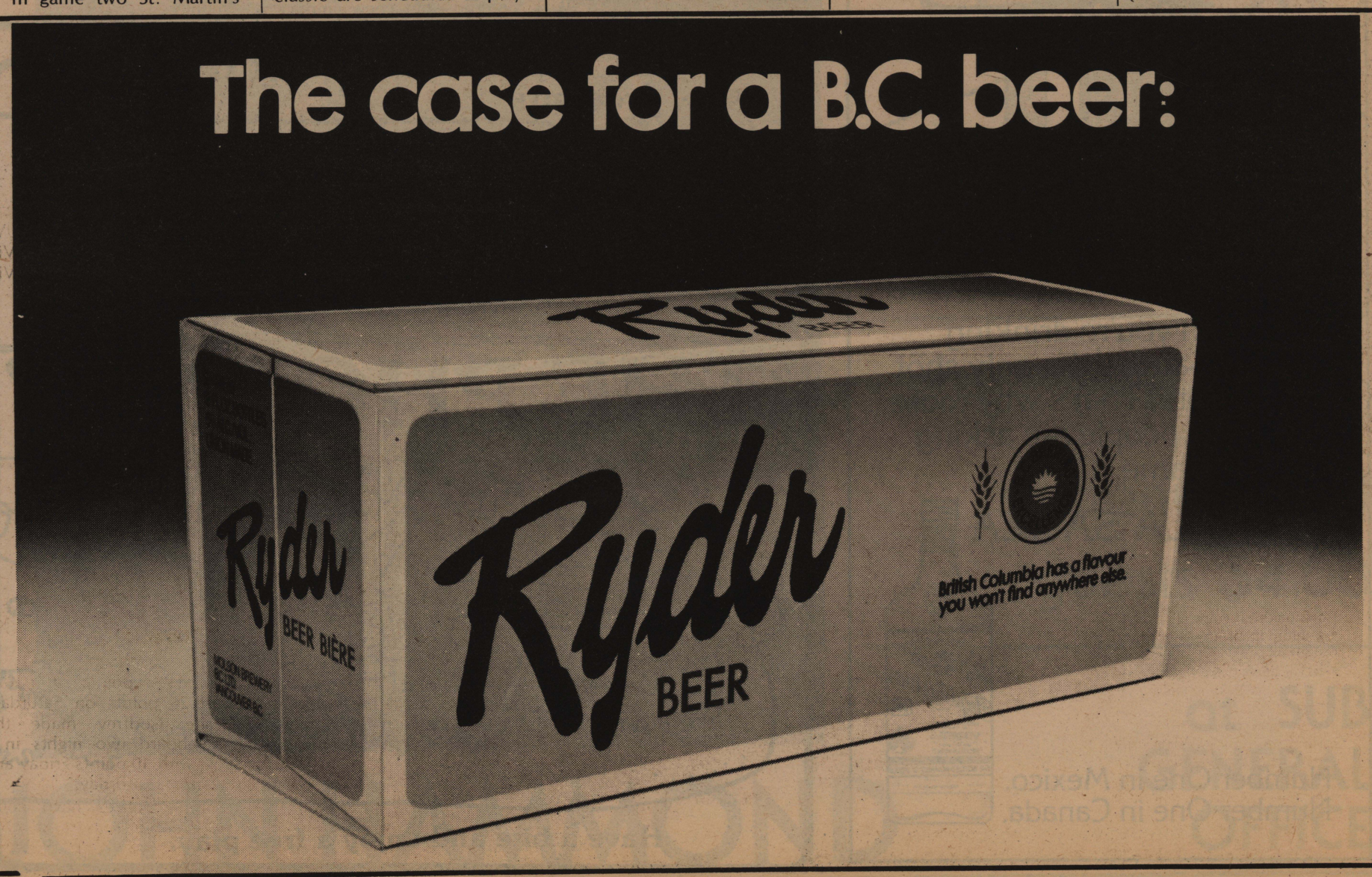
UVic entered the weekend series with a 3-1 record behind the Bears 4-0 position.

The Vikings chalked up a 13-4 lead in the first six minutes of play Friday and went on to defeat the Bears 98-70 at McKinnon gym.

The efforts of forward Billy Loos, ex-University of British Columbia forward Brian Sutherland-Brown and veteran guard Robbie Parris contributed to the Vikings early lead and eventual win. Loos was good for 28 points while Sutherland-Brown landed 15 points over-all. Although Parris only collected six points he consistently sparked the club with his playmaking efforts.

Parris was the key player for the Vikings in Saturday's 88-71 win over the Bears. The five foot eight inch guard set the Vikings offensive

(continued on page 22)



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SPORTS AND RECREATION

Aquatics gets face lift

By WALTER RIETH, Special to the Martlet

Aquatics supervisor Mike Weddell has proposed changes for next term's swimming program although he said he was pleased with the overall response this term.

Weddell said he would like to counter the "McKinnon Building alienation syndrome" during the spring term.

"The staff has potential for developing better programs than we have now," he said. "We can make better use of pool time if we can get more people participating."

The major complaint reaching Weddell first term concerned the various times of the lessons. "There is nothing we can do," he replied. "Swimming instruction has third priority for pool time. The Physical Education department with the varsity water polo team are given first priority with recreational swimming time second."

Beginning in January the aquatics program will have continuing registration. That means a person can register into a course before the third lesson until the course is filled. When a person enrolls into a swimming course already in progress, he or she will pay only for the remaining lessons.

Weddell has also proposed a mail-in registration for the aquatics program instead of the normal in-person registration at McKinnon 121. This has not been approved at press time because of the additional work load it would entail within the intramurals office.

"This scheme would allow students doing their practicum during the day to get involved too," Weddell reasoned.

The learn-to-swim program next term will be divided into two sessions, each lasting four weeks with two lessons per week. In the past, the courses met once a week for eight weeks.

"This will give people having most of their load at the beginning of the term a chance to enroll in the latter part of the year, and vice versa," explained Weddell.

The learn-to-swim program up to the Senior Red Cross has been designed at UVic by Weddell to fit the needs of the adult learner.

Due to the heavy response to the Ladies' Water Exercise Class in the fall term, Weddell has designed a similar course for men. Called the Headstart Men's Activity class, it will meet once a week starting January 16.

"The Headstart class is for men who want an overall fitness program at a casual pace," said Weddell.

Instead of the Royal Life Saving Society-Red Cross Instructors Course that was cancelled during the first term (only two people registered and they were sent to another course downtown), the aquatics program will offer the National Lifeguard Service course designed by the Royal Life Saving Society Canada. The former course allowed people to teach swimming, while the new course will allow them to teach and lifeguard.

"Under the new health act, the National Lifeguard course will be the only recognized pre-requisite to lifeguarding," said Weddell.

The entire aquatics program is open to the community only after classes cannot be filled with university members. The cost is a bit higher to non-university people so as to be compatible with the price of other existing community programs.

Particular information concerning the new aquatics program will be distributed on campus during the first week of classes in January.

TIMESHEET

FRI. DEC. 2		
PACIFIC RIM TOURNAMENT	Uof C vs Oregon College	1:30 p.m. at UVic
	U of M vs. St. Martin's	3:30 p.m. at UVic
	Datatech vs. UBC	7:00 p.m. at UVic
	Vikings vs. U of Winnipeg	9:00 p.m. at UVic
SAT. DEC. 3		
PACIFIC RIM TOURNAMENT	Loser of Game I vs Loser of Game II	1:30 p.m. at UVic
	Loser of Game III vs. Loser of Game IV	3:30 p.m. at UVic
	Winner of Game I vs. Winner of Game II	7:00 p.m. at UVic
	Winner of Game III vs. Winner of Game IV	9:00 p.m. at UVic
Women's Basketball	Vikettes vs. Vancouver Critters	5:15 p.m. at UVic
Women's Field Hockey	UVic vs. Sandpipers	12:45 p.m. at UVic
Rugby	Vikings vs. Castaways	2:30 p.m. at UVic
Rugby	Norsemen vs. JBAA	1:00 p.m. at UVic
SUN. DEC. 4		
PACIFIC RIM TOURNAMENT	Consolation Championship	1:00 p.m. at UVic
	Championship	3:00 p.m. at UVic
Women's Basketball	Vikettes vs. Vancouver Critters	11:00 p.m. at UVic
Men's Soccer	Norsemen vs. Vantreights	2:00 p.m. at UVic
Rugby	Saxons vs. Vampires	1:00 p.m. at UVic

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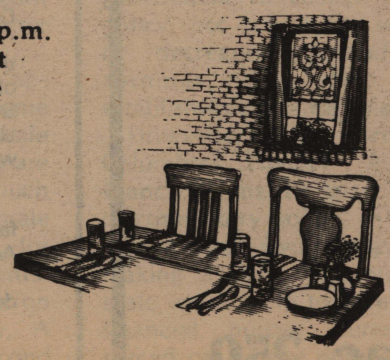
Victoria's finest
French creperie
Reservations
suggested



BASTION SQUARE LAW CHAMBERS BLDG. 382-0033

Vikettes top women's league

The University of Victoria Vikettes clinched first place in the Canada West women's league by neatly defeating the University of Alberta Pandas 69-44 Friday and 70-42 Saturday at McKinnon gym.

Carol Turney led the Vikettes in both games of the weekend series. Turney scored 24 points on Friday and 26 points on Saturday. Leslie Godfrey made the scoreboard two nights in a row with 10 points Friday and 12 points Saturday.

The Vikettes have completed two season of conference play without dropping a single game.

LETTERS

...from 15

is the supreme academic body of the University and the Board of Governors is responsible for the overall financial management of the University.

Mr. Witzel could also go to a few meetings of the Senate and the Board. The Senate meets the first Wednesday of each month in the Green Room, and the Board meets the Third Monday of each month in the Gold Room.

Both these rooms are in the same building, the Commons Block, where Mr. Witzel and other residence students eat most of their meals.

I further suggest that if Mr. Witzel can spare the time, he walk across the hall from the **Martlet** office and have a talk with Brian Gardiner, the AMS President.

Next to Brian's office is that of Treasurer Dale McClanaghan. I'm sure Dale would be glad to answer any questions concerning the budget for Mr. Witzel, or indeed for any other perplexed student.

Along with the other 23 members of the RA, Mr. Witzel could talk with AMS General Manager, Dave Clode.

Even among his **Martlet** colleagues, I'm sure Mr. Witzel could find a good deal of enlightenment; from editor Ken Simons, or any of the **Martlet** reporters who have covered the AMS scene this year: Owen Toop, Donna Livingstone, Bix Burkhart and others.

I would hope that in the future Mr. Witzel does at least an elementary amount of research so as not to make a complete fool of himself in the student press.

Blair Marshall

Dead-eye

Sir:

Poor stupid Morgen Witzel! The intrepid though unoriginal Martleteer Witzel has presumed to write yet another of those silly little pieces attacking the AMS and AMS politicians.

As a fellow **Martlet** contributor, I regret to have to tell you, Mr. Witzel, that you don't know a bloody thing about the Student Union and that you have fallen into the yellow-journalistic habit of ranting against something you are totally ignorant of.

By the Bye, the AMS does a little more for "Same Student" and "Harvey Lunchpail" than you might think. This year, we have undertaken a professor/course evalutaion, and are doing everything we can to get an Ombudsman for UVic (over the objections of many in the faculty and administration), and are continuing our regular services to students.

Perhaps, Morgen, if you came to a few RA meetings you would be a little better aware of what the AMS is doing. They are, after all, open to everyone.

Who are you, Morgen Witzel, and why are you saying such lousy things about us?

With a hug for the Revolution

Ben "Shoot from the Hip" Webb—AMS Internal Vice President.

Mr. Witzel replies:

Thanks to Blair Marshall and Ben Webb for replying to my comment piece in last week's **Martlet**.

There is no doubt in my mind, no matter what Mr. Marshall says, that there is dissension in the R.A. that the R.A. could well do without. At least one R.A. member has admitted this himself, and the fact is obvious to anyone who has watched the R.A. in action. Mr. Marshall's statements raise serious doubts about his own credibility, especially as he himself was recently involved in political games by attacking the comittee investigation of the Ski Club's Octoberfest. Show me a man who says there is no political in-fighting in the R.A. and I'll show you a man who doesn't know what he is talking about.

Thanks for the invitations to the Senate and Board of Governor's meetings. I hope some of the students will go to these meetings, now that they know where and when they are. I also hope that students will accept the invitation to visit general manager Clode and treasurer McClanaghan, now that we know they'll talk to anyone about the budget.

You see, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Webb, it is all very well to declare that all these meetings are open, and it is another thing entirely to tell no one about them. UVic campus politics are swathed in secrecy; for all that students know to the contrary, conditions might well be as bad as described in my article. It is necessary to use a goad to force information out.

What about a little more information? Surely it would not hurt the A.M.S. to publish a newsletter of perhaps a page or two either bi-weekly or monthly. Everyone would benefit; the students would know what was going on, and the A.M.S. might gain a better reputation (unless there is something the A.M.S. doesn't want brought out in public).

And finally it is obvious that Mr. Marshall himself has a) no sense of humour and b) never read an editorial. If he had, he would be mature enough to respond without using childish personal insinuations. Come on, Mr. Marshall, nobody is going to hurt you.

...from 20

manoeuvers, was tough on defense and scored 24 points.

Loos and forward Chris Hebb displayed strong individual efforts. Loos played an effective two-way game and topped UVic's scoring machine with 25 points while Hebb's aggressive rebounding provided the Vikes with several fast break opportunities.

Are you a first-year student?

Interested in elementary teaching?

WILL YOU MEET THE REQUIREMENTS FOR ENTRY NEXT YEAR INTO THE FACULTY OF EDUCATION?

ARE YOU TAKING ENGLISH 115, ED. 197?

Have you checked your program with the

Education Advising Centre?

IF YOU HAVEN'T

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Come over right away to Mac. 250

CONFLICTS AND APPEALS

It is inevitable that at some point in your university carreer, conflicts will arise between yourself and the teaching staff.

While one hopes that these problems can be dealt with quickly, on an informal basis and without animosity, you should be aware of the avenues of redress open for grievances.

Although each faculty may use slightly different modes of procedure (consult the University Calendar or Faculty office for details), as a general rule you are advised to take the following steps:

1) See the individual professor concerned and attempt to resolve the matter through informal discussion.

If unsatisfied:

2) See the Chairman of the department and discuss the matter with him or her. At this stage you may seek to bring your problem before the Student-Faculty Liason Committee of the Arts and Science or the Education Faculties.

If unsatisfied:

3) See the dean of the faculty.

If unsatisfied:

4) Write a formal letter to the secretary of Senate requesting that your case be heard by the Senate Appeals Committee. (Note: before taking this step you must have exhausted the previous steps).

While the decisions of the Appeals Committee are usually confirmed by the full Senate, they are not final until such time as Senate confirmation is given. (This does not apply in Summer Session).

At any time during these procedures you are strongly advised to contact either the Student Senate Caucus or the appropriate AMS officers (all of whom can be rached through the SUB General Office), or visit the University Counselling Centre in the Clearihue building.

Problems sometimes arise which the student cannot bring to the attention of the professor concerned for fear of some sort of retribution. If this is the case, then immediately contact the Student Senate Caucus or the appropriate AMS officers or the University Counselling Centre. Efforts to correct the problem will be made without divulging the complainant's identity.

Related Information

Disputes concerning marks given out after April or over any facet of formal examinations are to be directed to the Administrative Registrar.

Student Academic discipline is dealt with by the respective departments. Appeals are to be referred to the president.

Prepared by AMS Academic Affairs Committee.

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EDITORIALS

Students twisted by aid structure

By BEN WEBB and ALANA MERO, Special to the Martlet

The Canada Student Loans Program's stated objective is that no student "...be denied the opportunity to reach his educational goals due to financial problems." This very progressive-sounding statement, enunciated in 1965 as the program was founded, fit in well with a philosophy of making federal loans available to all students showing financial aid.

Interest-free loans were intended to cover compulsory fees, prescribed books and instruments, room and board, local transportation, two trips back home a year, medical insurance, and miscellaneous expenses. In addition, a beneficent British Columbia government announced that it would supplement loans with a non-repayable grant.

Sounds good, eh? Yes, it does, but it bears slight resemblance to the student aid system that many of us have come up against. The financial aid system has never worked the way it was expected to. Obviously needy students are stonewalled by the system, finding out that even though they are penniless and about to drop out, they are, for one reason or another, ineligible for financial assistance. Far too often, those who are most in need are those who receive no help.

Forced summer savings: An applicant is assumed to have saved $50 per week while not attending classes during the summer break. This amounts to $800 in a summer, **over and above** summer living expenses. If the applicant has been unemployed, underemployed or has simply had a job at minimum wage coupled to high living costs, he must document his condition, providing written proof that he had sought gainful summer employment. The financial aid authorities maintain that unemployment and poor summer earnings are no obstacle to getting financial aid, **so long as properly documented**. Such obstacles, needless to say, are scarcely possible to document.

Independence/dependence criteria: The Canada Student Loans Act divides students into two categories, called, with great humaneness, "A" and "B". The "B" students are deemed to be financially independent of their parents because they 1) are married; 2) have had four years of accumulated non-continuous work to their credit; or 3) have worked for two consecutive years.

"A" students, the substantial majority of undergraduates at this university, are deemed "financially dependent on their parents". Whether a student is in fact dependent on his parents matters not a whit to the Financial Aid system. It is assumed that parents, if able, will contribute, with a means test devised to determine the amount that they are capable of contributing.

The Canada Student Loans program was designed at a time when students were far more likely to be attached to their families than today. De facto independence, the state in which most '70's students find themselves, is not recognized by the authorities in charge of student loans. If the student does not meet the independence criteria of the "B" category, that student's parents must be put to a means test. If they don't—or if the parental income is substantial enough to disqualify them, regardless of the student offspring's independence from that money—the student is, in the street vernacular, S.O.L.

The provincial government has demonstrated its clear concern for the students of British Columbia by not appointing, until late October, the "Appropriate Authority" necessary by law to distribute federal monies. If you received any of your loan before this date, you have, in effect, done so illegally.

Now for the good part: in every province the Canada Student Loans program provides for an Appeals Committee, to whom students may appeal their cases over and above any previous rejections at the university administrative level. People whose circumstances have been altered since their first application usually take this course. The catch (and you were probably expecting this one) is that the British Columbia government has still not appointed this committee. If you have heard no word on your appeal, fear not; it is safe and sound collecting dust in some Financial Aid Officer's filing cabinet here in Victoria.

The reason for the delay? The composition of the Appeals Committee is being altered from its past makeup of two students, two awards officers, and two Ministry of Education personnel. The new, and doubtless less onerous, format, involves three students and two awards officers. The catch is that the Deputy Minister has not approved the new setup. The terms of reference of the commitee have not been drawn up, due to lack of governmental approval, and hence the committee cannot be appointed.

The on-campus financial aid officers here, as elsewhere, may seem unreasonable to students seeking financial assistance; but it isn't for lack of trying to help. They are forced into defending a rusty, antiquated, and ill-tended piece of social machincery when really that machinery should be drastically overhauled. Changes to the system must include: a revised criterion of independence and dependence, recognizing the typical profile of the Seventies student; abolition of forced summer savings, failing a drastic improvement of the employment situation; and opening up of the program to part-time students. In addition, both levels of government should endeavor to help, rather than hinder, the program, and to at least guarantee that its rules are being followed.

In the meantime, if you want to make it easier on yourself to get a student loan, you can: a) get married; b) spend two consecutive years on the job market; or c) wait for the revolution. Short of that, you could write Dr. Pat McGeer and tell him what you think of the financial aid system.

Alana Mero is AMS external vice-president.
Ben Webb is AMS internal vice-president.

Women in double bind with financial aid

By CYNTHIA WITWICKI, Special to the Martlet

The federal and provincial governments expect students, male or female, single or married, parents or non-parents, to save $800 in the summer before they will be considered for financial aid. That is, a student is supposed to save $50 per week for 16 weeks.

A student who has managed to save only $500 is still assessed at having $800! Hence, that student has to appeal for an extra $300 in order to gain the full complement of $3300 which the ministry of Education claims a student can live on throughout the university year. The appeal is almost always successful but is in the form of a loan and not a grant.

Furthermore, a student taking less than nine units is **not even eligible** for any form of financial aid, be it scholarships, bursaries, or loans. The person who is attempting to complete a degree and maintain a job at the same time is receiving no financial support from the government.

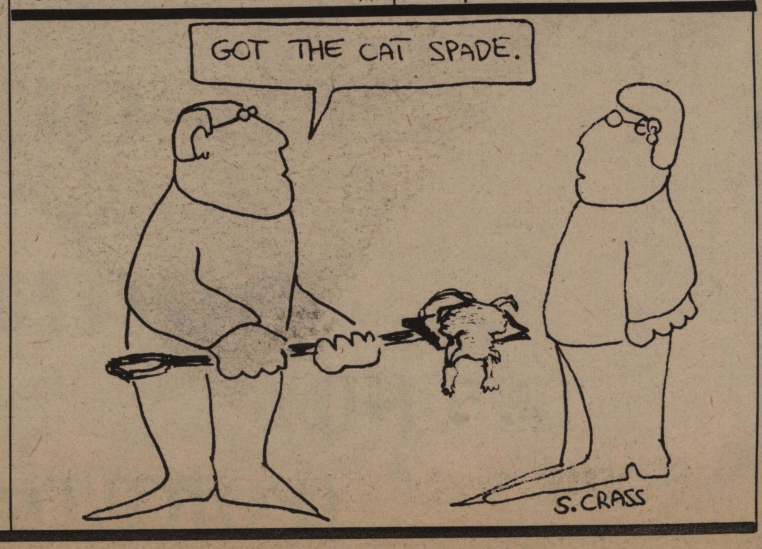
Nels Granewell, financial aid officer for UVic, says that expecting a student to save $800 is unrealistic. He notes that women are more often allocated to low-paying jobs such as waitressing, typing and other service work, than are men. He finds quite a discrepancy resulting between female and male students' summer earnings. The latter tend to earn considerably more, year after year.

Other provinces acknowledge this syndrome with a "prorated" scale whereby female students are not expected to save as much per week as their male counterparts. In Ontario, for example, the students' contribution is dependent on sex and year of study. A female student in her second year is expected to contribute $48 per week while a male in the same year is assessed at $53 per week.

If you're screaming discrimination, that's okay. I agree. But until the wages of females are on a par with those of males, students and otherwise, and until job discrimination in summertime work comes to a halt (yes, I know that Manpower says no discrimination exists, but it happens all the time), then a prorated scale is a possible, albeit a band-aid solution. The Financial Aid office has for years pressed the government to change their policy, not only in the sense of decreasing compulsory earnings, but also in establishing a prorated scale.

However, the British Columbia Human Rights Branch claims the latter is a discriminatory policy. In this case, though, two wrongs are making a right. A prorated scale would help to ease the financial burden currently placed on a large number of female students (on whom the financial aid office keeps on statistics) because of jobs, low paying due to job discrimination, they are forced to take in the summer. Female students who earn less in the summer than their male counterparts must, out of necessity, apply for more financial aid. Over four years of university, the amount borrowed by the student accumulates, and by the time she is out in the work force, she is once again likely to earn less than her male contemporaries.

Hence, we have a snowball situation, in which university women are placed at a further disadvantage. You can help to change this situation by writing to the B.C. Ministry of Education, B.C. Human Rights Branch, and Canada Manpower and voicing your complaints.



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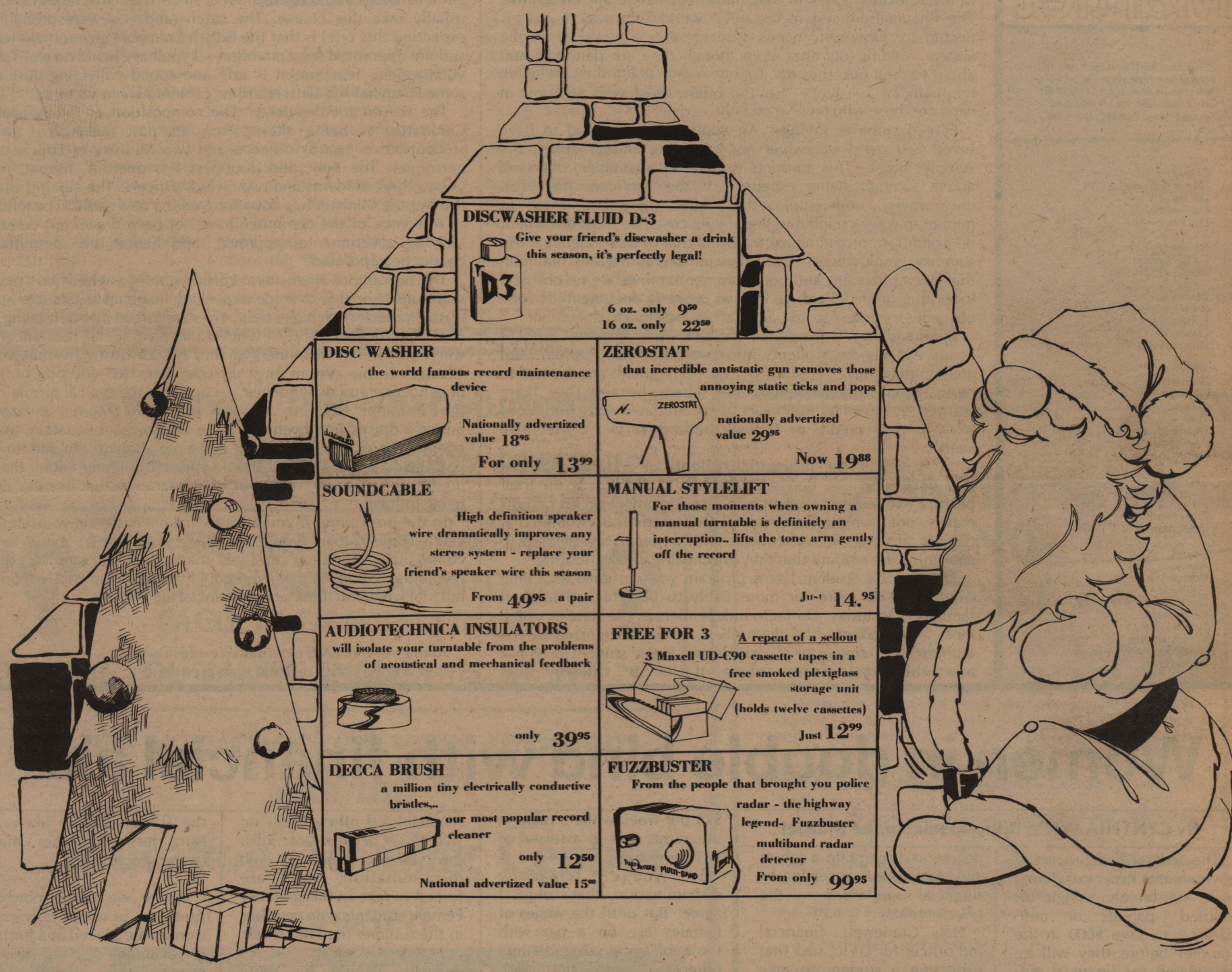
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